COLLECTION HIM N. S.

SUNC SINT THE good of ...

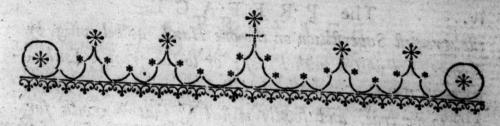
Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels.

The Cross of CHRIST is the Key of Paradise; the weak Man's Staffs the Convert's Convoy; the upright Man's Perfection; the Soul and Body's Health; the Prevention of all Evil, and the Procurer of all Good.

BATH: Printed by W. GYE; for T. MILLS, Bookseller, and Sold at his Shop in Wine-Street, Bristol; where may be had Bibles, Prayer-Books, &c. at the lowest Prices.

This HYMN BOOK is Sold in BATH by W. GYE only.

The Letters and Figures before each Hymn shew the Measures; as C. M. stands for common Measure, L. M. for long Measure, &c.



THE

PREFACE.

THE following Collection of Hymns is intended for the Use of those happy People, who, from a devoted Simplicity of Heart, mean to be faithful Followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. And the solid Experience, or Heart-solid Knowledge, of his Truths, is the great Object in their View. They suppose that all notional Faith must lead to

the greatest Superstition on the one Hand, as believing by Report, not united with Proof; or to the greatest Enthufrasm on the other, as warmly following what they only suppose to be true, and fondly mistaking that Warmth for Proof. Whereas plain Truths, brought home to the Mind, and poffeffed by the Heart, through the Spirit of GOD, conformably to the Word of Promise recorded in Scripture, fave alike from the blindfold Ignorance of the one, and the delirious Possession of the other. Whatsoever the Saviour of the World has engaged by his Promises to do for his People, He means actually to perform; and not in one Age of his Church only, but in every Age. A Truth which no one can deny, whilft he acknowledges the Scriptures to be true. Indeed all his Promifes of Mercy are for well fuited to the miserable State of Man while on Earth,

and so justly adapted to the Condition of his Sin and Ignorance, that they become the only Remedy for both. And his People do find those Promises properly belonging to them, and invariably annexed to the Work of Redemption, and confequently enjoyed by all his faithful Followers. If the Petitions in these Hymns are viewed in this Light, as expressing the greatest Attachment of Heart to their only and eternally best Friend, they will appear not only reafonable, but confistent with the Profession they make of knowing Jefus to be their Lord and their God by the Holy Ghost, and acknowledging all the Truths in the Bible from the Testimony of the same Spirit that wrote it. Such have nothing to do in answering the Insidelities of Heart each Man abounds with, nor with those who more openly evade

the Force of Truth by Contempt or Ridicule. All thefe want the Love and tenderest Compassion of a Christian; whilst their proper Business confists in following, by a loving and humble Obedience, that Lamb of GOD wherefoever He goes, who was flain for them; and whom, by a Miracle of Mercy to their Souls, they do now know, can therefore trust, and expect all from, in this World and the next. The ferious and humble Mind will find nothing to object to in this little Book; on the contrary, may find Comfort and Instruction of Heart from it: Which would greatly add to the Satisfaction of those, who yet may differ from them on Points, which not Choice, but Experience of Truth obliges them to do.

And now, Reader, it is neither your Approbation of these Hymns, nor the Objections you can make to them, that

is the material Point: You are a Creature of a Day, and your Heart, with trembling, often tells you this Truth: Look well then for a Refuge from the Sins of your Life past, and from the just Fears of Death and Judgment fast approaching. This is the grand Point, which lieth altogether between GOD and thy own Soul. And be assured, that nothing can bring Comfort in Life or Death to thee a Sinner, (and such thou now standest before GOD) but a Saviour so full and complete as Jesus is found to be.

Bring him then thy Heart, miserable and evil as it is. He will make it happy; He will keep it so; and, by a loving Constraint on all thy Actions, make thee delight in his most holy Ways. A Title to the Joys of an eternal World is purchased for thee by his Obedience in Life and Death, and

viii. The PREFACE.

is that Righteousness He will freely give here; which, whilst I am writing this, my Heart importunately prays Him to give thee, Reader, as the inestimable Merit of his Death.

full approaching Link is the control of and control of the second of the

ord, and from the gult direct of britis o



Could have all the collient, what the profit his making made

the Manne A Title to the Free of an election with it

city for the last to be discourage in 1 fe and D ask land



COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S.



leafure leafure 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 1	•
E	
G .	may be lung or omitted

The state of the s



HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C.M.

OMPANIONS of thy little Flock,*

C Dear Lord we fain would be;

Our helpless Hearts to Thee look up,

To Thee our Shepherd flee.†

O might we lean upon that Breast,—John 13. 23. Which Love and Pity fill;

And now become those Lambs carest,—Ifa. 40. 11.
That in thy Bosom dwell.

* Luke 12. 32.—† John 10. 11.

How sweet that Voice, how sweet that Hand, Which leads to Pastures fair;

Shews Canaan's Milk and Honey Land,—Ex. 3. 8. Provided by thy Care.

As one in Heart we all rejoice,
The Sinner's Friend to praise;
The Shepherd dy'd, Oh, 'tis his Voice!
He'll us to Glory raise.

HYMN 2. C.M.

R ICH Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come who will;——Ifa. 55. 1.
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless Sinners still.

'Tis Grace each Day that feeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O that nothing else but Grace,
May rule for evermore!

HYMN 3. C. M.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, Prince of Life,
To us thy Spirit give;——Luke 11. 13.
We long to hear that chearing Voice
Which bids poor Sinners live.

'Tis thy Desire to save the Lost,
To ease them of their Pain!
Therefore we cry to Thee, blest LAMB,
Who for our Sins wast slain.

Open to us those living Springs—Ifa. 53. 5.
Thy Wounds have made to flow:

And cleanse us from our Heart-felt Guilt, -- Pf. 38. 4. Thy dying Love to show.

O Thou, who lovest Babes to teach, Reveal to us thy Will;

And whilst we wait on Thee by Faith, —Gal. 5. 5. Thy Work in us fulfil.

HYMN 4. C.M.

O Jesu, Jesu, gracious Lord, How wond'rous is thy Love, Thy Patience, Pity, Tenderness, Which I each Moment prove! For Oh! how faithless is my Mind, How apt to turn aside, And wander in its own Deceits Of Reasonings and Pride. Yet, dearest Saviour, love me still, Tho' finful, weak, and poor, For well I know where Sin abounds, Thy Grace aboundeth more.—Rom. 5. 20. Yet let me not thy Grace abuse, -- Rom. 6. 15. And Sin because thou'rt good; But let thy Love fill me with Shame, That I this Love withstood.

SAVIOUR of Sinners, keep me near,
Nor let me turn away
From thy dear Cross and bleeding Wounds,
But bind me there to stay.

LORD, speak to me with thy sweet Voice,
And give me Ears to hear:——Prov. 20. 12.
For Thou my loving Saviour art,
And I thy purchas'd Care.

HYMN 5. C. M.

OGIVE me, SAVIOUR, give me still
My Poverty to know;
Increase my Faith, each Day in Grace—Luke 17. 1.
And Knowledge may I grow.

Open still more the Mystery—Eph. 3. 9.
Of thy dear bleeding Cross;
And for this precious Pearl, let me—Matt. 13. 46.
Count all Things else but Dross.—Phil. 3. 8.

By thy dear Cross still let me stay, old rotte I non'T Here let me fing each happy Day MI Ilso I nisgA And like John, upon his Broning again. HYMN 7. 10 6 7 8. IS WYM HEN I travail in Distress,-Pfa. 18, 6. Or Grief of any Kind, miss on to 1 Burden'd with Uneafines, Trade of bangara And Anguish on my Mind: Ver edo A layor tad I One sweet Ray of heavenly Light, -Pfa. 27. 1.1611 Breaks up the Clouds that come between; Turns to Day the gloomy Night, ni viola or am no ? And quite renews the Scene, worth we won to thew I

My Complaints with Speed remove, V s ad tonnes I My Sorrows turn to Joy, STI THO TRIAND DON'T Songs of Melody and Love, flating and ned live Again my Tongue employ ; tol aid you a war to said tath wall down Robes, and kept them good.

Then I enter into Reft,

Again I call Immanues mine;

And like John, upon his Breaft,

My weary Head recline

H Y MON 8. LEYEM. VE Let me gain my Wedding Drefs, Prepar'd to cloathe my Nakednes! b'nabrud That royal Robe my LORD and Gooding A baA Hath purchas'd with his precious Blood. Rev. 7. 14 Dost Thou reserve it out of Love, and que sassal Turns to Day the gloomy swods ni grolg of arun I want it now, without the Veft woner stup bah I cannot be a Wedding Guen? daw strial quo O yM When CHRIST our Life shall once appear, Twill then be manifest and clear, That Jesus by his sprinkled Blood Hath wash'd our Robes, and kept them good.

H Y Man of blugs and I sust

HAPPY am I, when I feel,

Jesus near my throbbing Heart;

When He does Himfelf reveal,

And his precious Love impart,

Bleffed Fellowship I prove, Rom. 5. 1. and I Peace and Love, and Comfort sweet;
Then I weep and sing, and love,
Then I worship at his Feet.

Then with happy John I viewood TAIL All his Body mark'd with Scars and A And with Mary can bedew on a require doin! W Both his Feet with melting Tears leave of I work leaved with an anod beded lish

Which bids me in thy 1268d rejoice.

Here, LORD, would I ever stay,
Free from all the noisy Croud;
Live with Thee by Night, by Day,
Live in Fellowship with God.

Whilst I run the Christian Race;
Then my Soul to Heav'n remove,
There again to fing thy Grace.

Then I w.8 60 at 100 M Y H

Which whifpers in my Earned and Main find The grateful Words of Peace? The grateful Words of Peace? The Hail, bleffed LORD, 'tis thy fweet Voice Which bids me in thy Blood rejoice.

Thou art my chief Delight,
A lovely Friend indeed,
Most precious in my Sight,
My Help in ev'ry Need:
Hereby I'm strengthen'd in the Way,
And thank Thee for this Gospel Day.

Unworthy as I am,

And base in my own Eyes,

On my Account the Lamb

Ascends the upper Skies;—John 14. 2.

Assumes at God's Right Hand a Seat,

And lets me sit beneath his Feet.

My great High Priest is gone—2 Cor. 3: 14.

Into the Holy Place;

The Curtain is withdrawn,

Which veil'd his lovely Face;

And bind me there will Bards of Love. Hef. it. 4.

The Passage now is clear and free, the Weil is rent for happy me.

HYMN 11. VIVL. M. H VIV.

THIS is my Hope, O precious Christ
When Earth's alluring Things appear,
I call, I figh, for Thee I thirst,
And long to feel Thee only there.

Sometimes I feel my Sky is clear,
And then my Cup with Joy flows o'er,
Then do I lose my ev'ry Fear,
And feel the Saviour's strength'ning Pow'r.

O Jesu, let it still be thus,
This Favour ever let me prove;
Fix me for ever at thy Cross,
And bind me there with Cords of Love.-Hof. 11.4.

Tis now callet Day, . Set (N. MgK: Hil foon come.

STAND fast in the Gospel; * 'tis Christ makes you free;
The Author of Faith and the Finisher He;
He faith to the mourning but diligent Band,
† "What's water'd with Tears shall be reap'd by your Hand."

All those of the general Assembly above, Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in Love, I Were once in Distress in this Valley of Tears, O T And came to their Bliss thro abundance of Fears.

Through Patience and Faith after them let us press, And trace from their Footsteps & the Highway of Grace;

* Gal. 5. 1.-+ Pfa. 126. 5.- Rev. 7. 14.- 16 Ifa. 35. 8.

'Tis now called Day, but the Night will foon come, When Labour must cease, * and the Lab'rers go Home.

HYMN 13. The Total A H

O LORD, come, sweetly bind me.

Fast to thy pierced Side,—John 19. 34.

And evermore remind me,

That Thou for me haft dy'd. and old illA

I wish to hear thy Spirit, day and only won only

Of that for ever preach, a double on one one

That thy Love. Blood, and Merit, of some but I

May me Obedience teach. The sousies disported

I know that my Salvation, it would more spart but A

Is certain through thy Love, 2: Tim. 1. 12.

* Cal. 5. 0. --- + 176.

And Oh! on each Occasion May I most faithful prove!

* Matt. 20. 4

My Sins Thou haft forgiv'n, musiconu 'di erom o'l Shall I forgive them too? Tob tod lubosag ydT And let me run to Heaven, ShendluH vds of avor 9. With only Thee in View. Got nod T fliw and T I feel Thou'lt not forfake me, Heb. 13. 5. 00 1 Though I am fill'd with Shame, Donn on I Then from this Moment take me, lot b'lled it nod I' Poor Sinner as I am, live about of the mod T Thy Love thus freely given, do soil good find 100 My helpless Heart to chear, which when hasid Be this my only Heaven, species and anidiou to.I My Jesus to dwell near! HA vat od suzal to. HYMN 14.1 L. M. ZION, awake, arise, arise, The Sun in its Meridian stands; The Clouds disperse each Shadow flies; Thou'rt call'd to leave thy native Lands.

Pfa. 45. 10:

No more th' uncircumcifed Crew art world anie will Thy peaceful Borders stall molest; and I Had? Prove to thy Husband ever true, - Ha. 540 500 A Then wilt Thou feel his People's Reft. on drivi Loofe Zion's Captive Daughter, loofe af nod T loof I The cursed Chains of Self and Sin; I demod I Thou'rt call'd to be no earthly Spoule, a mort non I Thou art all glorious within. Pfa. 45. 13. Get fresh Supplies of Grace each Day, di avoil vol T Stand ready for the Midnight Call: - Matt. 25. 6. Let nothing here engage thy Stay, vino vin zich all Let Jesus be thy All in All. who are all yM

HYMN 15. 78.

HOLY LAMB, and PRINCE of Peace,
Hear my Soul implore thy Grace;
Let it through thy Pow'r divine
In thy Lamb-like Meekness shine.

Grant that faithfully I may, As a Lamb, thy Voice obey; Soul and Body, bought with Price, Be thy living Sacrifice! Valiant, stedfast may my Love Is Unbelief the Sin In the hardest Trials prove; Above all Singains And in all Advertity And in all Advertity
Both a Lamb and Lion be. Keep Thou me, a feeble Child, Sober, Watchful, undefil'd; That where'er thy Steps I fee, worrod dish The disa Shame Simply I may follow Thee. C. M.

HYMN 16.

ESUS, each blind and trembling Soul Let thy foft Voice persuade In all Distress to come to Thee, an ambling sa We need not be afraid.

Is Sin our Grief? Whatever Sin,
No Difference it makes:
'Tis all forgiven thro' that Blood
Thou sheddest for our Sakes.

Is Unbelief the Sin we feel?——John 16. 9.
Above all Sin accurst:
Yet when Thou sufferedst for Sin.

think that failul

nh dmal sak

Soul and Body

He thy living

Are we o'erwhelm'd with Thought and Care,
Hath Sorrow seiz'd our Breast?
Tho' 'tis a Shame it should be so,

Yet Thou wilt give us Rest.

Thou didft include the worft.

Are we uncertain what's the Case,
But feel we are not Right?
Our Hearts before Thee we must lay,
Be Children in thy Sight.

Level may

COIO V WILL WAR

Thy Heart re

Woed utuce at

HYMN 17. C. M.

THOU Friend of Sinners! hear my Cry,
And grant me my Request;
That in thy Wounds I now may find
My everlasting Rest.

There is no Happiness or Peace, That can be found elsewhere; In them alone my Life I'll seek, In them thy Love declare.

May I no more resist thy Love,
No more thy Spirit grieve;
But as a little Child become,
And simply Thee believe.

Thou'st purchas'd it for me;
Therefore a Sinner's Right I claim,
Wholly to trust in Thee,

To trust in Thee who hast redeem'd
My Soul from endless Pains,
That they might know no other Theme,
But that the LAMB was slain.

Impress then deeply on my Breast
This Truth that Thou hast dy'd,
That in thy Wounds with Considence
I ever may abide.

THOU SAVIOUR my good Shepherd art,
Thy Voice, dear Lord, I know;
When Justice arm'd the Sword at me,
Thy Heart receiv'd the Blow.

My Heart was broke with Shame and Grief,
Thy Pity felt my Pain;
Bound up my Wounds, my Strength renewd,
And gave me Health again.

Thou me dost lead and gently tend, and lead in Pastures good,
And feed in Pastures good,
And bring me to the living Stream
Of thy most precious Blood.

Thy Blood! O pleasing Sound to me;
And all thy helpless Sheep,
There lies my sure Desence by Day, and all they have before by Day, and all they have before by Day, and all they

R ISE up, my Spoule, thy Bridegroom waits, I Unwearied at thy Temple Gates, or good I Thy fainting Soul to chear;
Open to me, I come to blefs, I have been to he are the Righteoulness, which is a second of the latest and cloath thee with my Righteoulness, which have the latest and cloath the latest and lates

Tis Issus, none but He:

And banish all thy Fear.

Call all mo which aw-

* Cantic. 5. 2.

All reasoning Thoughts I will remove,
And tell thee of my dying Love,
Thy Soul to captivate:
Upon my Head the Dews distil,
My Locks the Drops of Evening fill,
While I to bless thee wait.

What pleasing Voice is this I hear?

Soul, 'tis the Lamb, thy Master dear,

'Tis Jesus, none but He:

Oh! bid me, Jesus, bid me come;

And take a weary Traveller Home:

I long to be set free.——Phil. 1. 23.

Let my poor Soul in Thee find Rest, I and of nogo And leaning on thy loving Breast, and the old had

Cast all my Griefs away: Skreen me beneath the cooling Shade, Which is for weary Pilgrims made, To chear them by the Way. Cant. 2. 3. H Y M N 20. S. M. THE God, whose Smiles we court,—Pfa. 4. 6. From whom we Favour claim; Whose Love alone new Life imparts, And gives the heav'nly Flame; Is none but the meek LAMB, 1977 tod swilling. Our Dear Exalted Lord; Whose Grace and Spinis still remain To bless us in his Word and Synd ow monsyla. His Promise is the same His Church below to bless. When they affemble in his Name -- Matt. 18. 20. To supplicate his Grace:

A Train of Sinners poor

He will not cast behind;

But keeps his Word for evermore,

And bears us on his Mind.

To our Relief He flies,
He flies from Realms above;
Answers our Prayers in sweet Replies,
And Tokens of his Love.
Shall we not Witness bear
How faithful He hath been;
And boldly to the World declare,
Salvation we have seen?——Luke 2. 29.

Call all my Griefs away:

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, LORD,
Thy Name, we will confess;
And speak of Christ the living Word,
The LORD our Rightcousness.——Jer.

25

We'll mention to his Praise,
The Triumphs of his Death;
And sing his everlasting Grace
Ev'n with our latest Breath.

Seal us Savior for 12 N M Y H FAL 1. 18.

WE thy Children, claim a special Care, Keep our Feet, O Lord, from ev'ry Snare: Spotless Virgins let us be, Simply loving only Thee, and word has Who our Burdens on the Cross did bear.

Skreen us by thy promis'd Aid and Pow'r:

We are very weak and frail,

To our Souls Thyself reveal:—Matt. 11. 25 Keep us humble and in Spirit poor. From each Rival our Affections loose;
Make us willing to take up our Cross:
Save us from our Nature's Fire,
From the Flame of fond Desire;
Seal us, Savior, for thy happy Spouse.-Eph. 1. 13.

H Y M N 22. C. M.

MY dearest LORD, I now fink down,
And bow before thy Feet;
Here is my Heart, most vile and base,
Make it for Thee most meet.

For whither can I go, my LORD,
But only to thy Blood?
More healing far than Siloam's Pool,
Or Jordan's swelling Flood.

I thank Thee for that Grace and Light
Which shews me what I am:
I thank Thee too for all I know
Of Thee thou blessed LAMB.

True, 'tis but little that I know
Of Thee and what Thou art;
But daily teach me more and more,
'Till Thou doft fill my Heart!

HYMN 123. C. M. dates of

Tenchonfund Baits the For prepares

THE Souls that would to Jesus press,

Must fix this firm and fure;

That Tribulation more or less,

They must and shall endure.—2 Tim. 3. 12.

The World opposes from without,

And Unbelief within:

We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt;
And feel the Load of Sin.

Glad Frames too often lift jus up; Pfa, 30. 6.

And then how proud we grow!

Till fad Defertion makes us droop;

And down we fink as low.

Ten thousand Baits the Foe prepares

To catch the wand'ring Heart;

And seldom do we see the Snares,

Before we seel the Smart.

But let not all this terrify;

Pursue the narrow Path; — Matt. 7. 14.

Look to the Lord with stedfast Eye;

Fight the good Fight of Faith. — 1 Tim. 6. 12.

Tho' we are feeble, Christ is strong:

His Promises are true;

We shall be Conqu'rors all, e'er long,

And more than Conqu'rors too. Rom. 8. 37.

No Reck ning can we rightly keep Y H

MERCY is welcome News indeed,
To those that guilty stand:
Wretches, that feel what help they need,
Will bless the helping Hand.

Who rightly would his Alms dispose,

Must give them to the Poor;

None but the wounded Patient knows

The Comforts of his Cure.

We all have finn'd against our Gon; Exception none can boast: But he, that feels the heaviest Load, Will prize Forgiveness most.

No Reck'ning can we rightly keep,

For who the Sums can know?

Some Souls are fifty Pieces deep:—Luke 7. 41.

And some five Hundred owe.

But let our Debts be what they may,
However great or small;
As soon as we have Nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all. Like 7. 42.

None par the

Tis perfect Poverty alone
That fets the Soul at large:
While we can call one Mite our own,
We have no full Discharge.

HYMN 25. 10s.

THE bleffed Jesus is my Lord, my Love, He is my Choice, from Him I would not move. Away then, all ye Objects that divert, -And feek to draw from my dear LORD my Heart! That uncreated Beauty, which hath gain'd My ravish'd Heart, has all your Glory stain'd. His Loveliness my Soul hath prepossest, And left no Room for any other Gueft. Above's my Home, my Country is above, That bleffed Land of Life, of Light, and Love: There my dear Friends, fledhence, with Gon are bleft, Thither are fwiftly hasting all the rest. There lives my LORD, and there I long to live: He gave these Longings, and Himself will give.

In the mean Time, LORD, shew Thyself to me, 'Till Thou shalt please to take me up to Thee.

In Thee now let me find so much of Rest,
As may with more Desire inslame my Breast.

So seize on me that we no more may part:
'Till Thou shalt take my Soul, LORD, keep my Heart.
And dwell in me, 'till I with Thee shall dwell:
This Earth with Thee is Heav'n, without Thee Hell.

HYMN 26, L.M.

MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee her Source my Spirit slies;
O let thy chearing Count nance shine
On this poor mournful Heart of mine!—Pfa. 4. 6.

From feeling Mis'ry's Depth I cry,
In thy Death, Saviour, let me die;
May Self in thy excessive Pain
Be swallow'd up, nor rise again!

Jesus! vouchfafe my Heart and Will With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
Break Nature's Bonds, and let me see—John 8. 36.
That whom Thou free'st indeed is free.

My Heart in Thee and in thy Ways, Delights, yet from thy Presence strays; My Mind would deeper fink in Thee, My Foot stand firm, from wand ring free.

When my Defires I fix on Thee,

And plunge me in thy Mercy's Sea,

Thy fmiling Face my Heart perceives,

Sweetly refresh'd, in Safety lives.

St ev'n in Storms I Thee shall find
My sure Support, my Guardian kind;
And I from Age to Age shall prove
That God in Christ is perfect Love.--1 70hn 4. 16.

HYMN 27. 8s.

O SAVIOUR, could I always keep,
My Eye on Thee, the living Way,
I then, though once a wand'ring Sheep,
Should no more from Thee run astray:
But wherefoe'er Thou wentest, I
Should simply go, not asking why.——Luke 22. 33.
O that I never could forget,

One Moment, what Thou, LORD, hast done

To fave my Soul, and make me meet

To fit with Saints upon a Throne:—Rev. 3. 21.

O that thy Off'ring on the Tree

Might evermore be ey'd by me!

H Y M N 28. C. M.

HAPPY we are when Guilt is gone!
This alters all our Frame;
Sins and Temptations still come on,
But we are not the same.

What did afflict us much before,
And give us anxious Care,
The faithful Breast it hurts no more;
For now the LORD is there.

Are we through dang'rous Paths to rove

The Shades of Death to pass?

Our Shield eternal is his Love,

Our Light his gracious Face.

H Y M N 29. 7s.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Worthy Friend of Sinners, come,
Fill and make my Heart thy Home.— John 14. 23.

Oftentimes for Thee I figh,
Nothing else can give me Joy: This is still my Cry to Thee, another form I has and Dearest Jesus come to me, and to a one ow that Could I clearly see above, down an Billia bib tad W What thy Saints possels in Love; and aring bath All would be but Mifery, and in Property laid and I Except Jesus was with me a good oil won rol. Son of Gop, my dearest Long, ab dynords www. All my Crown and my Reward: The ashade ad T Thou who freely dy'dft for the, laurate bleide uno Shalt alone my Bridegroom be. -- Ifa. 54. 5.

HYMN 30. 8 8 6.

ORD make me faithful to my Call,
In Heart still truly give up all,

Sulf withing to

Myself to Thee resign:
When Dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy Will decline!

My Feet with holy Oil anoint;
The destin'd Path, Thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread;
Bedew me with a genial Show'r,
Into my Heart thine Insluence pour,
With living Manna feed.

A fingle Eye, a faithful Heart, Mait. 6. 22.

My Jesus, to thy Child impart,
In ev'ry trying Hour:

Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,
Still keep my Eyes on Thee intent,
'Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

H Y M N 31. C. M.

NO more with trembling Heart I try
A multitude of Things;
Still wishing to find out that Point,
From whence Salvation springs.—Pfa. 37. 39.

My Anchor's cast upon the Rock, Where I shall ever rest

From all the Labours of my Thoughts,
And Workings of my Breast.——Heb. 6. 19.

What is my Anchor if you ask?
A hungry, helpless Mind;
Diving with Mis'ry from its Weight,
'Till firmest Ground it find.

What is my Rock? 'Tis Jesus Christ, Whom faithless Eyes pass o'er; Yet there poor Sinners anchor may,

And ne'er be shaken more.

H Y M N 32. 14 C. M. 39
THOU Dear REDEEMER, Dying LAMB!
We love to hear of Thee:
No Music, like thy lovely Name, and an addition of the
Does found to fweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy Voice I stoled land I was
In Mercy to us speak! As better to mail and
And in our PRIEST will we rejoice, Thou Great MELCHISEDEC!-Heb. 7. 21. Hallelujah.
Our Jesus shall be still our Theme, While in this World we stay;
We'll fing our Jesu's lovely Name, When all Things else decay:
When we appear in yonder Cloud—Col. 3. 4. With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we fing more fweet more loud,
And Jesus be our Song. Hallelujah.

* 4

20

H Y M N 33. 8s. SAY, where's thy Hope? thou Sinner, lay, Look ev'ry where, and ask around; Who all the mighty Debt can pay, Can a fit Ransom e'er be found? 706 33. 24. Yes, LORD, before I drew my Breath, The LAMB for me had fuffer'd Death! Far, far away, must Satan fly, Nor think me Captive to detain: For Jesus, when He deign'd to die, Harl aval 100 My Bondage broke, and burft my Chain And Conqu'ror in the dreadful Fight, who want it My Soul from thence becomes his Right. Take Thou Poffession of my Heart, Tours of med W JESU, and make me live to Thee; I see He alt W With Thee let nothing claim a Part, hit ow How north But Thou my All for ever be 100 ad a sall late. * Luke 41 \$8.

And give me, with thy Saints above, All Joy in Thee, Thou God of Love!

H Y M N 34. C. M.

L ORD take my Heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy Throne;
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

Complete thy Work and crown thy Grace,
O may I faithful prove!
And liften to the Spirit's Voice.—John 10. 4.
Which manifelts thy Love!

Which teaches me what is thy Will,
And tells me what to do;
Which covers me with Shame, when I
Do not thy Will pursue.

This Unction may I ever feel, 1 John 2. 20. This Teaching from my LORD, AND MYOUNA And learn Obedience to thy Voice, In thy reviving Word! HYMN 35. C. M. Dearest LORD, take Thou my Heart; Where can fuch Sweetness be, As I have tasted in thy Love Psa. 34. 8. As I have found in Thee? as Just 11 villas ignical If Zeal, with Knowledge in my Heart, Thy loving Grace does give; at and of mild bal. Safe in the Bush, unhurt, the Whole Will unconfumed live. ____Exod. 3. 2. If Love, that mildest Flame, can rest In Hearts fo cold as mine; Come, blessed Saviour, to my Breast, 1991 And warm my Love with Thine.

My Lord hath seiz'd me with sweet Force, His Prize and Purchase just: This Soul of mine was never made For Vanity and Dust.

O'tis in vain to seek for Bliss,

For Bliss can ne'er be found,

Till we arrive where Jesus is,

And tread on Grace's Ground.

'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,
To feel his quick'ning Grace:
And the blest Heav'n I hope above,
Is there to see his Face.

HYMN 36. C. M.

CRACE, how exceeding sweet to those
Who feel they Sinners are!

Sunk and distrest, they taste and know
Their Heav'n is only there.

Thus Grace, free Grace, most sweetly calls,
Directly come, who will;
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless Sinners still.—Luke 15. 2.

[All we, who now are his, were first

Deeply convinc'd of Sin;

Each felt the Plague of his own Heart,

The Leprofy within:

Then Life and Righteousness divine

Thro' Faith were to us giv'n;

Thus we a happy People are,

Coheirs with Christ of Heav'n.]—Rom. 8. 17.

Now, Dearest Lord! we inly pray

That in thy Service we

May active, holy, faithful prove,

Deriving Strength from Thee!

O let us still in Thee abide,
For Babes we are most weak;
Poor Sinners still, who without Thee,
Can Nought think, act, or speak.—John 15. 5.
We thirst, O Lord; give us, this Day,
To taste more of this Grace;
More of that Stream which from the Rock
Flow'd through the Wilderness.—Numb, 20. 2.
Tis Grace alone that seeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And, Oh! that nothing else but Grace
May rule for evermore!

HYMN 37. 7s.

LORD if with Thee part I bear,

If I thro' thy Word am clean,— John 15. 3.

In thy Mercy if I share,

If thy Blood has purg'd my Sin:

To my needy Soul impart
Thy good Spirit from above,
To enrich my barren Heart
With Humility and Love!

LORD, my Heart a Defert vast

Thy manuring Hand requires;

Sin has laid my Vineyard waste,

Overgrown with Weeds and Bri'rs;——Isa. 5. 6.

Thou canst make this Defert bloom,

Breathe, O breathe, Celestial Dove,

Till it blow with rich Perfume

Of Humility and Love!

Total Co

with the set of

Vanquish in me Self and Pride, All my Unbelief subdue; Smile upon my Soul, or chide; If no gent'ler Means will do. Ah! compassionate my Case;
Let the Poor thy Pity move;
Give me of thy boundless Grace,
Give Humility and Love!

HYMN 38. 7s.

NOW begin the heav'nly Theme, Sing aloud in Jesu's Name; Ye who Jesu's Kindness prove, Triumph in Redeeming Love!

Ye alas! who long have been, Willing Slaves of Death and Sin; Now from Bliss no longer rove, Stop-and taste Redeeming Love!]

Welcome all by Sin opprest, Welcome to your Saviour's Breaft; -- Matt. 41. 2 Nothing brought Him from above Nothing but Redeeming Love!

Let the Pa

icre Tripe

Mouroing Souls dr

Babilly all your out

lise vote Guilt and

To see 5010

He fubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs. His tremendous Foes and ours; vident mi entrance From their cursed Empire drove and managed and Mighty in Redeeming Love!

Hither then your Music bring, Strike aloud each joyful String; Mortals join the Hofts above Canchild by Raism Join to praise Redeeming Love!

Away fad Do. 8 and Egil M. W. H.
NOW I have found the bleffed Grounday you M
Where my Soul's Anchor may remain;
The Lamb of God who for my Sin 2015
Was from the World's Foundation flain!-Rev. 13. 8.
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay
When Heav'n and Earth are fled away.
O Love, Thou bottomless Abyss! Eph. 3. 18.
My Sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
Cover'd is my Unrighteoutness, and Side no livil
From Condemnation now I'm free; Rom, 8, 1.
While Jesu's Blood, through Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.
With Faith I plunge me in this Sea: - Matt. 14. 28.
Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
Hither, when Hell affails, I flee,
And look unto my Saviour's Breaft:

Away fad Doubt and anxious Fear, Mercy is only written there!

Though Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Though Strength and Health and Friends be gone;
Though Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
FATHER, thy Mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
Though my Heart fail, and Flesh decay;
This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
When Earth's Foundations melt away;
Mercy's full Power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love!——Jer. 31. 3.

* Pfalm 73. 26.

H Y M N 40. 8s. UNFATHOM'D Wisdom of our King!
Who gathers in his purchas'd Flock; Leads on, and will to Glory bring, as boarden. And grounds them on Himself, the Rock: With little Hurry, Noise, or Show, He fafely guideth ev'ry Soul; No more the blinded World can do, Than fcorn and ridicule the Whole. Thy Church, Great SAVIOUR! bought with Blood, + Outcast of Men, but dear to Thee; Esteems thy Cross a pleasant Load, An easy Yoke; thrice happy she, -Matt. 11. 30. When, bearing thy Reproach below, She still partakes of thy free Grace, Which from thy Wounds doth fweetly flow, And all Affliction's Load outweighs! 1 Cor. 10. 4. + Acts 20. 28.

Thou many, with thy winning Charms, Hast melted touch'd by Fire divine;

And many with paternal Arms

Embrac'd, and feal'd for ever thine: 2. Cor. 1. 22.

And, fince they fo unite in Love,

Thy very Soul's Delight are they:

And thou securely from above Dost guide them in the narrow Way.

HYMN 41. 8 10.

THOU Soul's best Friend, Thou tender Heart, Who full of Love by Nature art! Who ever can presume to say He lov'd, e'er Thou hadst shewn the Way? Whoe'er could boast his Heart was in a Flame. Before the Bridgroom woo'd and overcame?

* 1 John 4. 19.

[Well we may wonder at fuch Love; And ev'ry Angel gaze above, To think how One so good and great, So holy, happy, and complete, Should pant and burn to save lost Men from Hell, Who only know to hate him and rebel!

What coldest Hearts can chase but burn,
When to thy Love's strong Fire they turn?
Yes, they must feel a kindling Ray,
Dissolve in Tears, and melt away.
Dear Lorn! thy Love is such an endless Store,
The Wit of Man must silently adore.]

See! we fall down (but not through Fear,
As if the Wrath of God was near:)
No, through the Love's attracting Flame
We fink, quite melted into Shame,

Before the Throne, where Thou, Dear bleeding Love In Glory fitt'st, ador'd by all above.

Reach out thy Scepter, King of Love!

Let us thy Royal Favour prove:

It's Point to us-ward ever turn,

Grant us a Touch and make us burn:——Ifa. 6. 6.

The Heart thus warm'd, the Mouth to speak will know

The' obedient Eye will learn to overflow.

HYMN 42. 8 8 6.

THAT "I am thine, my Lord and God!
"Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy Blood,"
Repeat that Word once more!
With such an Energy and Light,
That this World's Flattery nor Spite
To shake me may have Pow'r.

From various Cares my Heart retires; Though deep and boundless it's Desires, I'm now to please but one; He, before whom the Elders bow, With Him is all my Business now, And those that are his own.
This is my Joy (which ne'er can fail) To fee my Saviour's Arm prevail; To mark the Steps of Grace; How new-born Souls convinc'd of Sin His Blood reveal'd to them within, Praife Him in cy'ry Place.
See! the dear Sheep by Jesus drawn, i worted? In bleft Simplicity move on, learning a street and I They trust his Shepherd's Crook; down a so I E repleted a good to I

Beholders many Faults will find. But they can guess at Jesu's Mind, If written in his Book.

died mild with TO all ye Rich, ye Just, ye Wise, Who hate the bleeding Sacrifice, And judge it weak and flight: Grant that I may (the rest's your own) In Shame and Poverty fit down At this Spring of Delight!

do or won mil

moder smalled at

Attitute Billion

How now-bor

Indeed if Jesus ne'er was flain. Or ought can make his Ranfom vain. That now it heals no more; If his Heart's Tenderness is fled; If of a Church He is not HEAD, Nor Lord as heretofore;

Then helpless sure my State may seem, de la land land land land land land land l
And wretched all I do: Oh, my Heart throbs! and seizes fast That Cov'nant which will ever last: It knows these Things are true.
No, my dear Lord, in following Thee, Not in the Dark, uncertainly, This Foot obedient moves; Tis with a Brother and a King, Who many to his Yoke will bring, Who ever lives and loves.
Now then, my Way, my Truth, my Life! Henceforth let Sorrow, Doubt, and Strife, Drop off like Autumn Leaves; E 2

Henceforth as priviledg'd by Thee, and Asialand nan'T
Simple and undiffracted be for flum I betrarrawnU
My Soul which to Thee cleaves] balance balance
Lord let my weary Mind recline which the Cov name with the Cov name with the coverage with the coverag
And human Thoughts forget:
Childlike attend what Thou wilt day; I wook you .ou
Go forth and do it while 'tis Day sind out ni told
Nor leave my sweet Retreatment and and aid?
At all Times to my Spirit bear Y sid of your ody An inward Witness, foft and clear over rever ody
At all Times to my Spirit bear y sid of your ody
An inward Witness, foft and clear,
Of thy Redeeming Pow'r:
This will inflruct thy Child and fitt you nent woll
Will sparkle fouth whate'er is right 2 self to leaned
For ev'ry trying Hour nmutua Ail Ho qord

ACTION NO.

Thus all the Sequel is well weigh'd! A Sea where none can fink: We sell to revol on I cast myself upon thy Aid, Yea, in that Sphere I stand, poor Worm, nil on Where Thou wilt for thy Name perform nil on More than I ask or think, ou og yam guidon old But traviling Souls, and I am one; Wayfaring WM. J. Carro. 84500 M. M. Y. H. ESUS, my All to Heav'n is gone, of ni vine llad? He whom I fix my Hopes upon ; wow all ai aid T His Track I fee, and fill puring used b'arrow had. The narrow Way, will blim I view, but a low y. The Way the holy Prophets went, all diw florego The Way that leads from Banishment; I I grow of T The King's Highway of Holiness from I Ifa. 35. 2 "Come hither, Soul, I ag Hie Way." - John 14: 6.

No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin;
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No, Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

No, nothing may go up thereon the I have sold.
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one;
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound, I H
Shall only in the Way be found, I HA ON 2022

This is the Way I long had fought,

And mourn'd because I found it not;

My Grief a Burden long had been,

Oppress with Unbelief and Sin.

The more I strove against their Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Savrour say, and the "Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."— John 14: 6.

Lo! glad I come, and Thou, bleft LAMB,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a Dear SAVIOUR I have found;
I'll point to thy Redeeming Blood,
And say, Behold the Way to Gon!

H Y M N 44. Lt. M.

OTELL me no more of this World's vain Store;
The Time for such Trisles with me is now o'er.
A Canaan I've found, where true Joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy Ground.
The Souls that believe, in Paradise live, -Rom. 14. 17.
And me in that Number will Jesus receive.

E 4

My Soul don't delay, He calls Thee away!
Rife, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad Day.
No Mortal doth know what He can bestow,
What Light, Strength and Comfort: Goafter Him, go.
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry, Acts 7. 59.
My Saviour hath lov'd me, I cannot say why,
And now I'm in Care my Neighbours may share.
Those Blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In Bondage, O why! and Death, will you lie,
When Christ will assure you free Grace is so nigh?

To wom at H Y M N 45. L. M.

HOW sweet a Thing it is to see—Pfa. 133.

The chosen People of the Lord

Dwelling in Love and Unity,

Abiding Redfall in the Word!

Deut. 7. 8.

His Prailes do each Tongue command,

His Isove's convey'd from Heart to Heart,

All, willingly with Heart and Hand,

Reciprocally act their Part.

All love to hear their Shepherd's Voice, While He gives Pasture to his Sheep; With those that joy they do rejoice, And weep in Heart with those that weep.

Their Burdens mutually they bear,
Alleviate each other's Grief;
And when appriz'd of Dangers near,
Jointly they supplicate Relief.

HYMN 46. 8 8 6.

I THANK Thee, High and Mighty ONE,
That Thou didst give thy only Son
To travail in my Stead;
Rom. 12. 15.

I thank Thee for that Love divine,
Through which Redemption's Grace was mine,
Before the World was made.

I thank Thee, Jesus, holy LAMB,
For all thy Sufferings and Pain,
To purchase my Relief;
I thank Thee with unfeigned Praise,
For all thy bounteous Acts of Grace,
The Purchase of thy Grief.

I thank Thee, Spirit, for thy Care;
Thou found'st the roving Wanderer
Amidst the Ways of Sin:
And gently call'dst me to embrace,
Full Absolution, perfect Peace,
Fixing thy Rest within.

Continue Itill thy gracious Aid, no a very bluow or of T
My Soul to living Waters lead, John 7. 38.
My Thirst to fatisfy: sound and aid ni svil bak
Conduct me through this World of Strife,
Be with me on the Verge of Tife and I sommone
And blefs me when I die we potential sound watt
For me the Streams flow'd down; and me K.
Sweet Liberty 8 or 8 then Chorn Man A Hour 8. 36.
With ardent Love my Heart doth con with
WICKED Heart, Thou Enemy! The Why dost thou vex and trouble me?
Dear I was what that had ?
Dear LAMB, what shall hold to think will yield A
I find I must at thy pierod Feet daling grown I sail
A helpless Sinner ever fit, South south mix I sail T.
Oh may I henceforward sleet was do Hon do
Sometimes I think, no more I'll doubt,
And half efpy the Paffaae out all wal vier but
Unto my Resting-Place;

There would my Soul unflaken reft, it Ilift amittad
Peaceful on my dear Savour's Breaft, lot book will
And live in his Embrace : whitehot fluidT vM
Conduct me through this World of Strife, Be with me on the Vess vestinis I samitamos
Sometimes I think I faintly fee Vall to am thin ag
His Wounds inflicted were for met want aleld bank
For me the Streams flow'd down;
Sweet Liberty from thence doth flow; - John 8, 36.
With ardent Love my Heart doth glow NOIW To Gon's beloved Son.
Why don then yex and trouble his
Apply thy Merits closer hill, and sadd and I read
That I more fenfibly may feel a will as flum I boil I
A helples Sinner ever his; anola enit ma I andT
Oh may I henceforth bid adieu W and nodT baA
To every Idol here below on on Anida I semitemos
And truly fay Re gone To If an St. If and the
And truly fay, Be gone Ifa. 2.118 Led ha A
Unto my Relling-Place!

I was Satan's willing Slave, 2 Tim. 2, 26.
Till Consen my Heavenly Ways
Till CHRIST, my Heavenly King, 1 /21123
Pleased was my Soul to savening vital back
From all the Guilt of Single Water at om brand
Chard me in this windonness,
Me He rais a from deep Delpair, on vin lie bank
Me He rais'd from deep Despair, while but And shew'd to me his smiling Face; good with
Heard my Sighs and mournful Pray'r, and bold bold
And dooled me with his Cross town 151 Birth
And deck'd me with his Grace, a mojol I slid W
Protect. ve 8 nth 1.24 I.M M Y H
MV Logn! I've often minfed - 7 ald - 151-017
On thy wond'rous Love to me; did not
On thy wond rous; Love to me; out 1 40
Now I do their Charabaluda small and I woll
Slighted, difregarded Thee'l Aminomia and F
To thy Church and Thee a Stranger, and make the
Pleas'd with what displeased Thee: 11 1991 bill
Lost, yet could perceive no Danger; And an vial
Wounded, yet no Wound could feet in hall

But unwearied Thou pursu'dst me,
Still thy Calls repeated came;
Till on Calvary's Mount I view'd Thee,
Bearing my Reproach and Blame:
Then o'erwhelm'd with Shame and Sorrow
Whilst I view each pierced Limb,
Tears bedew the Scourges Furrow
Mingling with the purple Stream.

I no more at Mary wonder
Dropping Tears upon the Grave;
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is He who dy'd to save?
Dying Love her Heart attracted;
Soon she felt his rising Pow'r:
He, who Mary thus affected,
Bids his Mourners weep no more.

H Y M N 50. L. M.

HOW, my Belov'd, shall I express
The present Happiness I share?
With Joy my Heart can now confess,
That Jest's Name is written there.—Rev. 2. 17.

Yet still I inly thirst, while here,

The happy Life of Faith to live; and and More choice and riper Fruit to bear;

Till I on Sion's Shore arrive.

Let me pursue the Path begun, The antilla don't a Gladly therein my Day's to spend, The stand W Till all my Pilgrimage is done,

And Faith and Hope in Glory end.

Bids his Meurners weep no more.

HYMN 51: L.M.

WHAT can a Sinner do like me,
When struck by an Almighty Pow'r,
And sunk in deepest Misery?
Nothing but wait at Mercy's Door.

What Eye can fee, what Heart can love,
What Hand relieve my Milery?
None but the Santour's from above, H
Who for my Sins did bleed and die.]

Surely in Mercy He'll pals by,
And view a wreiched Slave of Sin;
Pity will move Him to come nigh,
And wash a filthy Creature clean.—Zech. 13. 1.

nd walk d contentedly intrein, or knew thy bove to me,-

In Mercy, LORD, thy Creature see, And spread thy Skirt my Shame to hide;-Ez. 16.8.

O speak the Word, and I shall be Cloath'd with thy Robe and justify'd.

Then shall my happy Soul enjoy
A lasting Peace, in Thee, my God;
Then my whole Business and Employ
Shall be to speak of Jesu's Blood.

O DEAR REDEEMER, who alone. To long the Canft give me Ease in Pain:
Whose Blood did once for Sin atone,
And Pardon for me gain.

And ignorant of Thee;
And walk'd contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy Love to me.

But thine all-seeing Eye then view'd And mark'd my ev'ry Way; And still in tender Love pursu'd

Nor let me further stray.

Thy Name is now through Grace, become-Cant. 1. 3.

More precious to my Soul

Than sweetest Smell of rich Persume, Or Aaron's precious Oil.

Without thy Favor, though I live, Life but a Burden is;

Nought else can Satisfaction give Experience shews me this.

My faithless Heart, O SAVIOUR Dear Correct with gentle Hand; In ev'ry Danger be thou near, Alone I cannot stand.

HYMN 53. 6 7 8.

and a dend of the

all consistent all

mselesiolined vid

and the state of the second

Lenso I Mint

Noodwieller

COME my Father's Family,
Ye ranfom'd of the LORD;
Come, ye Sinners, who with me,
Are ev'ry where abhot'd;
Let us gladly trace his Steps
Who fuffer'd Death among the Jews;
Who the friendless Soul accepts,
Whom all beside resule.

JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
Our Master let us own;
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
The Saviour He alone.
Let us take and bear his Cross,
Despis'd Disciples let us be;
Mock'd and slighted, as He was
For you, my Friends, and me.

No la Editor 2 A

None but lesus will we fing, None else will we adore: He our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING Shall be for evermore: None among the Heav'nly Pow'rs, Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim; None but Jesus call we ours, None but the bleeding LAMB! Controlle de dieron

in Court of variation Jesus ever will we fing His facred Name adore; He our PROPHET; PRIEST, and KING Shall be for evermore. To Him equal on the Throne With the FATHER ever bleft, And the SPIRIT Three in One Be endless Praise addrest.

HYMN 54. L.M.

HOW blest are they whose Feet have found The Way unto Immanuel's Ground; And stedfast walk the blissful Road Far from the Paths by Sinners trod.

Their weary Spirits sweetly rest, Contentedly on Jesu's Breast; They so much of his Mercy prove, As wins their grateful Souls to love.

His Spirit shews their Sins forgiv'n,—Luke 1. 77. And seals them for the Heirs of Heav'n; And gives them Patience here to wait, 'Till Jesus them to Bliss translate.

He arms them for the evil Day;
That they in Heart with Him may stay;
He girds them with his Mighty Pow'r,
And brings them through the trying Hour.

Then rest, my Soul, upon thy LORD, Ev'n Jesus Christ, the Living Word,—John 1. 1. And then thy Joy shall ne'er decay, 'Till it break out in endless Day.

HYMN 55. C. M.

GOD of all Grace and Majesty, Supremely Great and Good; If I have Favour found with Thee, Thro' the atoning Blood. And to my Pardon join

A Fear, lest I should ever grieve

Thy Sperit most Divine.

Since Mercy is indeed with Thee,

Make me obedient prove:

Nor e'er abuse my Liberty,

Or sin against thy Love:—Rom. 6.4.

This choicest Fruit of Faith bestow,

On a poor Sojourner:

And let me pass my Days below,

In Humbleness and Fear!

Still may I walk as in thy Sight,
My strict Observer see;
And Thou, b; rev'rent Love, unite
My childlike Heart to Thee.

Full of Glory, full of Grace!

Thou hast the glad Tidings brought
Of Salvation by Thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy Church; and we
Worship in their Company.

We, thy little Flock, adore——Luke 12. 32.

Thee, the Lord, for evermore:

Ever with us fhew thy Love,

Till we join with those above!

H Y M N 57. C. M. ...

HOW fad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it stains?

And Satan binds our captive Souls—2 Tim. 2. 26. Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace—Isa. 55. 1. Sounds from Goo's sacred Word;

Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

O may we hear th' Almighty Call, And run to this Relief!

We would believe thy Promise, LORD,
O help our Unbelief!—Mark 9. 24.

To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,—Zech. 13. 1. Teach us, O Lord, to fly;

There may we wash our spotted Souls From Crimes of deepest Dye!

Stretch out thine Arm Victorious King Our reigning Sins subdue;

Drive the old Dragon from his Seat
With his infernal Crew!——Rev. 12. 9.

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms, Into thine Hands we fall;

Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our Jesus and our All!——Ifa. 45. 24.

H Y M N 58. 8s. 1 w yam 0

THOU hidden Love of God, whose Height,
Whose Depth unfathom'd no Man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I sigh for thy Repose:
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Rest, till it find Rest in Thee.—Matt. 11. 28.
Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That strives with Thee my Heart to share?

That strives with Thee my Heart to share? Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,

The Lord of ev'ry Motion there:
Then shall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repose in Thee!

O hide this Self from me, that I

No more, but Christ in me, may live!-Gal. 2. 20. My vile Affections crucify,

Nor let one darling Lust furvive:

In all Things nothing may I fee, Nothing defire, or feek, but Thee!

O Love! thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted Care;
Chace this Self-Will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there:
Make me thy duteous Child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father cry.—Rom. 8. 15.

real strong weath transaction through

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart that lowly waits thy Call;
Speak, to my inmost Soul, and fay,
I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taste thy Love, be all my Choice!

HYMN 59. 8 7 4.

O! He comes with Clouds descending,-Rev. 1. 7.
Once for favor'd Sinners slain!
Thousand thousand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Ev'ry Island, Sea, and Mountain,—Rev. 6. 14. Heav'n and Earth shall flee away;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,

Come to Judgment! Come away!

Now Redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints by Man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the Air!—1 Thef. 4. 17.
Hallelujah!
See the Day of God appear!

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,—Rev. 22. 17.

Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral Doom!

The new Heav'n and Earth t'inherit,

Take thy pining Exiles home;

All Creation

Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

And hall Him their Triumphant Long!

H Y M N 60. 8 7 8.

HE comes! He comes! the Savious Dear The feventh Trumpet speaks Him near: His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll, He's welcome to the faithful Soul,

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome. . Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n Angelic Voices found Rev. 22. 20. See the Almighty Jesus crown'd! Girt with Omnipotence and Grace, And Glory decks the Saviour's Face! Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's Face.

Descending on his Azure Throne, 10 11A He claims the Kingdoms for his own: linverT The Kingdoms all obey his Word, And hail Him their Triumphant LORD!

Hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, hail Him, Hail Him, their triumphant Lord!

Shout all the People of the Sky, And all the Saints of the most High: Our Goo, who now his Right obtains, I lo son A For ever and for ever reigns: Posions and over oT Ever, ever, ever, ever,

The FATHER praise, the Son above, The Spirit bles for evermoetiw . alanold bluode Salvation's glorious Work is done, We welcome Thee GREAT THREE in ONE! Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,

Welcome Thee GREAT THREE in ONE. *10

He loves his People's Voice to Ant.

They are his loy 7 nd Crow it:

TO PUDE of the I lied on 1 8 8 6 MILLION
DRIDE of the LANS, up to the Skies,
Let daily Praise like Incense, rise,
Shout all the People of Svods stight diw nioi oT
Worthy is He, that once was flain, and end he had
A Race of Rebels to regain, won Halvi. 20 1110
To have our choicest Love! To have our choicest Love!
Into this Ark with great Amaze,
The winged Seraphs, wond'ring, gaze,
Redeeming Love to wace: Pet. 1. 12. on 1
Should Mortals, who h Part have found 12192 ad I
Redemption through the Savrova's Wounds, wish
We welcome thee Graet on a model we welcome welcome
Cry with the the twee year.
He loves his reopie's voice to lear,
They are his Joy and Crown;

E'er long we Him in Clouds shall see, Y Cloathed in Pomp and Majelty on to CATT His ranfom'd Flock to own allulrois W Show'r down thy Grace, O Jesu, now;
Through ev'ry Vessellet it flow, on sail and lied?
Each sick'ning Plant to chear: Rooted in Thee, O may we stand,
Unshaken, waiting thy Command,
And love thy Voice to hear! Shall Bondage ftill our Souls detain? An all Mill Affert the Glories of thy Reign, otto milled but. Now, LORD, relieve each burden'd Mind, And give us all with Joy to find bridge out land and the Eternal Life in Thee.

The Love Divine who have de us Thine.

The Love Divine who have de us Thine as the Eternal Come. 8. 88.

H Y M N 62. St. Stephen's nol 19 3
HEAD of the Church triumphant!—Ephilo. 23. We joyfully adore Thee; I be modern at H
Till Thou appear, thy Members here
Shall fing like those in Glory: nov your depond?
We lift our Hearts and Voices of the first than the
Rooted in Theo, O may noticipation, year O may not stored in Theo, O may not stored and cry aloud and give to Google waige of our Salvation of the Praise o
While in Affliction's Furnace, to the Hand And Passing through the Fire position and mall A Thy Love we praise; which tries our Ways, And ever brings us nigher.
In thine Almighty Favor; and The Love Divine which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.—Rom. 8. 38.

H Y M N 63. 1 88. 906 modT
OH! that my Heart this very Hour Might be enamour'd with thy Love:
Might be enamour'd with thy Love:
I hat heav my Sweetness, lov, and Pow'r
I beg. Dear Lord, this Day to prove:
O fend it, that I may abide
O fend it, that I may abide Faithful, and walk close by thy Side.
That I my Pardon clear may feel:—-Luke 1. 77.
Sin's deadly Wounds to cure and heal:
Hear Tesus hear my feeble Cay 150 Dito Wood
I fainting at thy Footstool lie!
H Y M N 64. 10 5.
OJESU, my God, come make thine Abode Within my poor Heart:— John 14. 23.
O Jesu, come quickly, a Saviour Thou art. * 10.

Salvation I need, I want to be freed
From all my Distress, and I had mod T
And feel in my Heart the rich Bleffings of Peace.
I thirst to be Thine, to feel Thee within a local Diffusing Abroad Rom. 5. 5. bal
Thy Love, that my Heart may afcend unto Goo.
This, LORD, Thou can't do, and give me to know
My Sins are forgiv'n, Duke 1. 77.
My Treasure laid up in the Kingdom of Heaven.
Take me as I am, Thy Property claim;
My Nature refine, Tall assol of about
And form my Affections and Tempers divine.
No more would I breathe for Objects beneath;
But live to thy Praife, who a div bill
Advancing in Knowledge, and growing in Grace.
Advancing in Knowledge, and growing in Grace.
Or fall into a Snare.

To ev'ry earthly Object dead, no won gridtol : of Alive to Things above; Conform'd unto my Living HEAD, And fill'd with ardent Love. Tesus is now I sus, the M. 28 of d. 36 ell M Y H - Ma . 55 3 Grieve, nor can my Grief e'er cease, has soo A Till I my SAVIOUR truly love; A VIII WILL O 'Till He with Blood figns my Releafe, thow bak And fweetly draws my Thoughts above! For this I languish, mourn and pine avoid but To prove the Dear REDEEMER mine. Hard work W. But oh! how backward is my Mind, of Hard I stall How widely my Affections rove; Thy Saints car Yet no true Peace on Earth I find, No Trace of Blis where er I move! Objects of Sense can ne'er impart Felicity unto my Heart.

9
No: Nothing now can fatisfy,
Or true Contentment here afford, Till I by Faith can humbly cry
Till I by Faith can humbly cry,
Jesus is now become my LORD:
Legre the Man of dende OV CHIEFY H' TO
Jesus, the Man of deepest Grief, Ifa. 53. 3.
Alone can send me kind Relief.
On Him my All I fain would flay, and I lill
And fweetly on his Bosom rest pold driw of HIT
Till all my Griefs shall die away, and wheel but a
And Love divine pollefs my Breaft: I aid to
When shall it be my dearest LAMB, and stong of
That I shall feel this holy Flame? do dod !do to ?
Thy Saints can triumph in thy Blifs,
And all thy wond'rous Works declare;
VIII: HOW I TOHE TO THE THEIR PEACE
And all their Banquetings to share !- Cant. 2. 4.
4. 4.

Come quickly to my longing dieart, il east of one And all thy Heavin of Love imparthis and hat Shall warm my Heart, and charm my Fears,
And prove as Bever Tom MB May H OH! LORD, how faithless is my Heart, slaw ofT How very apt from Thee to ftray in He BuA Just like a broken Bow I start Pfa. 78. 57. And Nature strives to bear the Sway: in brig of Was ever one fo vile, syet blefs'd; ono odr gail b'I So foul, yet by the Donn carefeld talis ym lie lie With hallow'd Fire infoire my Tonoue And Love thall spilad nicy cach, gath of the spilad nicy cach, gath of the spilad nicy cach. And bind my Passions to thy Cross; Quench all the Sparks of Nature's Fire, And bid me count my Gain but los; -Phil. 3. 8. LORD JESUS tear each Idol down, I was tan! And stablish in my Heart thy Throne! Sworth and Approach thy Mercy's Door, ____Ehl. c. 2.

And speak the Tempest to a Calm; I what he bear
Shall warm my Heart, and charm my Fears,
And prove a never-failing Balm:
And fill my Soul with holy Love.
Henceforth I'd ferve Thee, if Thou'lt pleafe dil fin
To gird me with a heavirly Pow'r; Tutal bul.
I'd fing the Glories of thy Grace, iv of ano rave to W
Till all my Pilgrimage bero'er; and ved toy Just ud
With hallow'd Fire inspire my Tongue,
And Love shall be my endless Song! Vin bidio
Quench all the Striks of S
OLORD, how great's the Favour of bid har. That we, fuch Sinners poor, so and and
Can through the Death's freet Savour
Can, through thy Death's sweet Savour Annual Land
Approach the Merce's Door.—Eph. 5. 2.

And find an open Passage And Heb. 10. 19. Unto the Throne of Grace; Heb. 10. 19. There wait the welcome Message And alignes and Which bids us go in Peace!
LORD, we are helpless Creatures, her revention Full of the deepest Need, and helpdaring in Throughout defil'd by Nature, Eph. 2. 1. 2. 3. Stupid and inly dead; The and Manufold and Inly dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weaknels, and district ow flil And all we have is Sin; evolving we mill of
Our Hearts are all Uncleanness, Mate 15.119. A Den of Thieves within a sinis and the daily
In this forlorn Condition, rold ill diw ew nod? Who shall afford us Aid Plankfully related bind where shall we find Compassing, pleasing pleasing of the Church's HEAD 12 EAR 15.23

Jesus, Thou art all Pity, against nago as bail bate. Oh take us to thine Arms, lo amoud Ifa. 40.141.

And exercise thy Mercy, Mandala and the area To save us from all Harms in on an abid soid W

Our numberless Complaints; and the deeper state of the deeper state of the deeper state of Saints; and the Glorious King of Saints;

Then we, with all in Glory orithorous oriental In this forlors Condition of Who shall thankfully related is Aidendral Whore shall we find Congress greats of Jasu's Love forgreats of think of Jasu's Love forgreats of the Chirch's start of the Chirch of th

In this bleft Contemplation We shall for ever dwell; faquit on or distributed And prove fuch Confolation division desolo and As none below can tell.] 1 Cor. 2. 9. HYM N 69. 6 7 8. TOTHING in this World I want, No Treasure here beneath; Only for Thee, LORD I pant, with the but For Thee alone I breathe: Wipe away my Nature's Sin of the War vivo vivo Thy Image to my Breaft restore; mer or vimeina Thou alone canst make me clean, And bid me fin no more. Thou inviteft me to come To fhare thy People's Rell's and I and HI Poor in Spirit, I prefilme shale walk daid W To press unto the Feat was diw sulting bluow 1

And feek answearied till I

m this bleft Contemplation of
And cloath me with thy Righteousness:
In the Fountain dip my Heart, so woled snon wh
And fign my glad Releafe.
Fill me with thy perfect Love, M M H
And answer each Complaint in DVIHTOT
Unbeliving Thoughts remove, and analysis ToM
And banish all my Want and soul Field
LORD, enable me by Grace and I anoth and Thora
My ev'ry Weight to lay afide: Walls walls and N
Patiently to run my Race, and you be special vil T
Till Thou dost take thy Bride, thus such world
ment of the first

H Y M N 70. L. M.

THE one Thing needful, that good Part,
Which Mary chose with all her Heart
I would pursue with anxious Mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.—Luke 11.

My Mind enlighten with thy Light, That I may understand aright The glorious gospel Mystery, Which shews the Way to Heav'n and Thee.* Hidden in CHRIST the Treasure lies. That goodly Pearl of fuch great Price:-Mat. 13.46. No other Way but CHRIST there is To endless Happiness and Bliss. O JESU CHRIST, my LORD and GOD, Who hast redeem'd me by thy Blood; Unite my Heart fo fast to Thee, That we may never parted be! Give me a new and contrite Heart: The Faith which works by Love impart: -Gal. 5. 6. Wash me from all the Stains of Sin, And give abiding Peace within! 4 John 14. 64

HYMN 71. 8 7.

O THOU Tender, Loving Jesus,
Now thy faving Grace impart;
From the World and Satan fave us,
Save us from our evil Heart!
Throw thy Arms in Mercy open,
Bid, O bid us, Jesu, come;
Let our flinty Hearts be broken,——Ez. 36. 26.
Falling on the Corner-Stone!

Here for ever let us center,
Steady, though affail'd by Sin;
Forward may we boldly venture,
Till eternal Life we win:
Banish ev'ry reasining Scruple,
Scatter ev'ry gath'ring Cloud;
Our poor Hearts, O Jesu, sprinkle
With thy precious, precious Blood,--1 Pet. 1. 19.

When our chearing Feelings sicken,
And a Veil our Souls o'erspread;
Then with Grace our Spirits quicken
To raise up our drooping Heads:
Would our foolish Hearts e'er wander
From the Source of real Joy?
Call us back, but not in Anger,
Lest thy Frowns should us destroy!

Arm us from thy heav nly Storehouse,
Still display thy Banner high!
March victorious on before us,
Make the World and Satan fly:
When the Angel drawing near us
Seals in Peace the Pilgrim's Eyes;
In that trying Moment bear us
Safe into thy Paradise!

Luke 23. 43.

HYMN 72. TESU, Lover of my Soul, Let me to thy Bosom fly, While the Billows near me roll, While the Tempest still is high: Hide me O my SAVIOUR, hide, Till the Storm of Life is past; Safe into the Haven guide, O receive my Soul at last! Other Refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless Soul on Thee; Leave, Oh! leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me: All my Trust on Thee is stay'd, All mine Help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenceless Head With the Shadow of thy Wing!-

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
Boundless Love in Thee I find:
Raise the Fallen, chear the Faint,
Heal the Sick and lead the Blind.
Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness!
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin;
Let the healing Streams abound,——Ifa, 35. 6.
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my Heart,——Pfa. 36. 9.
Rife to all Eternity.

H 3

HYMN 73. 68.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All is too mean to speak his Worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.

What kind endearing Words, What condescending Ways, Doth our REDEEMER use.

To teach his Heav'nly Grace!

My Soul with Joy and Wonder fee

What Forms of Love He bears for Thee!

Great PROPHET of our God,—Als 3. 22, 23.
Our Tongues would bless thy Name!
By Thee the joyful News—Luke 2. 10.
Of our Salvation came:

The joyful News of Sins forgiv'n—Luke 1. 77. Of Hell subdu'd and Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus, our great High-Priest——Heb. 3. 1.
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty Sinner, feek
No Sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful Blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.—Heb. 12. 24.

My dear Almighty LORD!

My Conqu'ror and my King!

Thy matchless Pow'r and Love,

Thy saving Grace, we sing:

Thine is the Pow'r; O may we sit,

In willing Bonds beneath thy Feet!——Pfa. 110. 3.

Hotel and break and in A

HYMN 74. C. M.

Is there a Thing that moves and breaks
A Heart as hard as Stone,
Or warms a Heart as cold as Ice?
'Tis Jesu's Blood alone.
One Drop of this can truly chear
And heal the wounded Soul;
What Multitude of broken Hearts

This living Stream makes whole!——Pfa. 46. 4.

Hark O my Soul! what fing the Choirs Around the glorious Throne?

Hark! the flain Lams for evermore—Rev. 5. 12. Sounds in the sweetest Tone!

The Elders there cast down their Crowns, And all both Night and Day, Sing Praise to Him, who shed his Blood,

And wash'd their Guilt away.

ologie Tod: bling

And this, while here, will we proclaim,
Chearful in our Degree;
That, through the Blood of God's Dear Lamb,
Each Soul may happy be.
But Thou, O Lord! make ev'ry Day,
Thy Grace to us more sweet;
Till we behold thy wounded Side,———Rev. 7. 10.
And worship at thy Feet.

HYMN 75. 78.

JESU, JESU, King of Saints,
Known to Thee are all my Wants;
Self-convicted, Self-abhorr'd,
I approach Thee Dearest Lord.
Known to Thee whose Eyes are Flame,
I thy Love and Pity claim;
With an Eye of Love look down;
Help me Lord, and help me soon,

Still I feel a fleshly Part, Much Corruption in my Heart; Oh! I'm vile, thy Blood I need, Vile in Thought, and vile in Deed.

Break, O break this Heart of Stone,
Form it for thy Use alone;
Bid each Vanity depart,
Build thy Temple in my Heart.

ESU. LESU

est viros-in

This be my Support in Need, That Thou didst so freely bleed; All my Hopes and Joys arise From thy bloody Sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak, Comforts me when I am fick; Gives me Courage when I faint, Well supplies my ev'ry Want. SAVIOUR, to my Heart be near,
Exercise the Shepherd's Care;
Guard my Weakness by thy Grace,
Let me feel a constant Peace!

HYMN 76. 8 7.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry Bleffing!

Tune mine Heart to fing thy Grace!

Streams of Mercy never ceafing,
Call for Songs of loudest Praise.

Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by slaming Tongues above;——Heb. 1. 7.

Praise the Mount—Oh fix us on it,—Heb. 12. 22.

Mount of God's unchanging Love!——Mal. 3. 6.

JESUS, fought me when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of Gon;
He, to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd his precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee!
Prone to wander, Lorn, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love.

Here's mine Heart, O take and feal it!-2 Cor. 1. 22. Seal it from thy Courts above!

H Y M N 77. C. M.

H APPY the Heart, where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast!

Love is the brightest of the Train,
And perfects all the Rest.

Knowledge, alas 'tis all in vain, And all in vain our Fear: Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign, If Love be absent there.

This is the Grace that lives and fings, When Faith and Hope shall cease: 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng
That fills the Choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden Harps,—Rev. 14. 2.
And ev'ry Note be Love.

BURY'D in Shadows of the Night
We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chace the Darkness of the Mind.

116

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,—Luke 7. 38. 'Till the atoning Blood apears;
Then they awake from deep Distress.—Pfa. 40. 12. And fing the LORD our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains; He fets the Pris'ners free and breaks The Iron Bondage from our Necks.—Luke 4. 18.

Poor helples Worms in thee possess.

Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness;

Thou art our Mighty All; may we

Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee!

HYMN 79. C.M.

FATHER, I stretch mine Hands to thee,

No other Help I know:

If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,

Ah! whither shall I go?

Taile Him for

Let Farth an

What did thine only Son endure, Before I drew my Breath!

Praise Him fo What Pain, what Labour, to secure My Soul from endless Death!

O Jesu! could I this believe, I now should feel thy Pow'r; at ossigl int.

Now my poor Soul Thou wouldst retrieve, Nor let me wait one Hour.

AUTHOR of Faith! to Thee I lift -- Heb. 12. 2. My weary longing Eyes;

O let me now receive that Gift! My Soul without it dies.

HYMN 80. DRAISE the LORD, who reigns above, And keeps his Courts below; Zech. 3. 7. Praise the Holy God of Love, And all his Greatness shew.

Praise Him for his noble Deeds. Praise Him for his matchless Pow'r: W. Dust Parce W. Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Earth and Heav'n adore.

rids bib as IW

mos-lineal O

FOOR YEST WOLL

Worlding w

Aurusa of Fall

or weather o

in Lucanta

viold she bloky

O millio bone

inol grange via

east hade

Publish, spread to all around The great IMMANUEL's Name: Let the Trumpet's martial Sound, Him LORD of Hoftsproclaim: Praise Him, ev'ry tuneful String, All the Reach of heav'nly Art: All the Pow'rs of Music bring, The Music of the Heart.

Him in whom they move and live Let ev'ry Creature fing: Glory to their MAKER give, And Homage to their King.

His Name

Hallow'd be his Name beneath, As in Heav'n on Earth ador'd;

Praise the Lord in ev'ry Breath;

Let all Things praise the Lord!

They ever 8000 proches N M Y H

L ET Earth and Heav n agree,

Angels and Men be joind,

To celebrate with me,

The SAVIOUR of Mankind!
T'adore the Great atoning LAMB,
And bless the Sound of Jesu's Name.

The Joy of Earth and Heav'n: 100 and wolf No other Help is found,
No other Name is giv'n—Acts 4. 12.

By which we can Salvation have, a Waid of b'wolfall But Jesus came the World to fave, a wash mak.

Jesus! harmonious Name! Is to a spirit! If the It charms the Hofts above;

They ever more proclaim M. M. Y. H.

And wonder at his Love: bas done of Tis all their Happiness to gaze. 1 Pet. 1. 12.
'Tis Heav'n to see our Jesu's Face.

No other Name is riving and La

New Songs do now his Lips employ, And dances his glad Heart for Joy.

HYMN 82. C. M. IN Thee, O CHRIST, is all my Hope, My Comfort all in Thee; Whilst here I feel thy Mercy nigh, I know thou guardest me.
I feel the Load of Sin so vast, ——Pfa. 38. 4. It sinks me to the Grave: But let thy Blood wash out my Sins, —Zech. 13. 1. Mine whom Thou cam'st to save.
Cloath'd in thy Righteouinels, again—Ifa. 61. 10. O may I fee thy Face! Receive the Promife from above, And live reftor'd by Grace. O may I fee thy Face! And live reftor'd by Grace. O may I fee thy Face! And live reftor'd by Grace. O may I fee thy Face! O may I fee

Ballica a Bando of Teles. Taka

On me, thy helples Worm, O LORD, A living Faith bestow:
That I thy Nature's hidden Sweets May taste, and see, and know. Triumphant let me live, by Love Shed in my Heart abroad; And faithfully to Jesus give nie to had I ad last I The Life which he bestow'd! on the short of H Y M W 183. C. M. d. tel tull Dearest LORD, give me a Heart Inflam'd with Love to Thee; That through thy tedious Toil and Smart My Soul may happy be. I want, O LORD, from Sin to flee, Alexander And in thine Arms to rest: - Mat. 11. 28. Bid me by Faith come near to Thee, And lean upon thy Breaft .- John 13. 25.

A Right to d.

Still let a Sense of what Thou'st done In my hard Heart be felt, That by this Love which Thou haft shewn My inmost Soul may melt. Ez. 36. 26.

Oh! may I never, never faint, But foar on Wings of Love, the same and the Till in thy Glory, as a Saint,

I fing with Saints above.

LORD, I would now my All give up,

To Thee, whom I adore: For He their Debi And humbly falling at thy Feet.

Proclaim thy Love and Pow r.

HYMN 84. CM. THE LORD first empties whom He fills. Casts down whom he would raise; And quickens whom the Letter kills, - Deut. 32. 39. Exalting thus his Praise. Which known we will fill more to know

IMMANUEL for Sinners flain Includes fuch Stores of Grace, That by this Lov As narrow Hearts can ne'er contain, a florent whe Nor Angel's Tongues express. Obl. may I new He's full of Grace and Truth indeed, no was to Of Peace, of Life, and Light: Till in the Glory. To all that his Redeemed need I fing with Saints He gives their Souls a Right. Loren I would now A Right to claim their full Release, For He their Debt has paid; paid oldmud but And he who dearly bought their Peace, might be The Purchase bids them plead.

HY M. N. 85. 1 88. 1 11 Thou whose Mercy knows no Bound, (Else hadst Thou ne'er redeem'd thy Foe;) Whose Love's a fathomless Profound Which known we wish still more to know;

That Mercy, LORD, that Love reveal, And let thy Spirit stamp the Seal .- 2 Cor. From wav'ring Doubts, from chilling Fear. Thy Word is sure; O bring it near, 190 vol 1 Nor let us mourn in endless Night! Let the Day dawn, the Day-star rise, And pour all Heav'n upon our Eyes .- 2 Pet. 1. 19. Far off thy Crofs we dimly view, of and grand val Nor know our Intrest in thy Blood; Whilst thus our Hearts thy Grace pursue, 2010 V at T O let us feel the present Goo. Come, come like Lightning from the Eaft, out as a ? Warm, animate each drooping Breaft. quat dtall Ceafe thy Counglaint, figorrefs thy Groan, And let the Tears forget to flow.

126 Behold, like Wax before the Fire, Our melting Hearts dissolve with Grief: To Thee, O LORD, is our Defire; From thee alone we hope Relief. I wait've mor'l Thy Mercy and thy Love reveal :) nodTan avel And let thy Spirit flamp the Seal ai brow at HYMN 186: magen au tol 10% SWEET as the Shepherd's tuneful Reed From Sion's Mount I heard the Sound: Gay sprang the Flowrets of the Mead, And gladden'd Nature smil'd around. The Voice of Peace Salutes mine Ear; John 15. 27. CHRIST'S lovely Voice perfumes the Air. Peace troubl'd Soul, whose plaintive Moan Hath taught these Rocks the Note of Woe; Cease thy Complaint, suppress thy Groan,

And let thy Tears forget to flow.

Behold, the Precious Balm is found, Which lulls thy Pain, which heals thy Wound.

Come, freely come; by Sin opprest

Unburthen here the weighty Load; -- Mat. 11. 28.

Here find thy Refuge, and thy Rest,

Safe on the Bosom of thy God.

Thy God's thy Saviour; glorious Word!-Isa. 54. 5.

That sheaths th' Avenger's glitt'ring Sword.

As Spring the Winter, Day the Night, led said ted.

Peace Sorrow's Gloom shall chace away; and said and And smiling Joy a Scraph bright to accept the Shall tend thy Steps and near Thee stay, 2 and Whilst Glory weaves the immortal Crowns at tel O And waits to claim Thee for her owns are more

From one Degree of Faith to more, the

Till we hehold thy Face! .

"chold, the Mr. Dus Bain & fur M Y H
Which fulls thalked the and Omegan hailed allul doid
Author of all our Faith;
The Finisher of all our Hopes 2000 treely come.
The There and t setting words and contended
Hail First and Last, the Morning-Star, no shall In whom we live and moves
In whom we live and move:
In whom we live and move: Increase our little Spark of Faith, And purify our Love:
Let that Belief which I rous taught of an array and Be treasur'd in our Breast tool of worrow array.
The Evidence of unfeing love served insoland on The Substance of rour Reft. Step! St
O let us go from Strengthito Strength, violo Mid W. From Grace to greater Grace; much of stime but
From one Degree of Faith to more, Till we behold thy Face!

HYMN 88. HI S. M. O OT TH' Extent of Jesu's Love—Eph. 3. 19. What Heart can comprehend? A Breadth whose Distance none can prove, A Length without an End : and amiso and T The first-born Seraphs try 2 add affaliasm aid The Myst'ry to explore; The abid bath Yet cannot trace it out; for why? The Carle they never bore. The Grace unfearchable word , SHITATI Transcending human Thought, and well Who, who in Earth or Heav'n can tell, Or find the Wonder out?" or all bushoods val All ther Angelic Choir prograd O vidgin stod T Unite to give Him Praiferage andital and I And Saints Redeeming Love admire, and sill go bal. And loud Hofannas raifements with best sw

130

To Christ we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found:
And in his Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound.
This cures the burden'd Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart:
This manifests the Saviour kind,
And bids our Fears depart.

H.Y. M. N. 89. C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory shines!
How high thy Wonders rise!

Known through the Earth, by thousand Signs,
By thousand through the Skies.

Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Those Motions speak thy Skill:
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour,
We read thy Patience still.

Awainbasa H

A Length

But when we view thy great Defign,
To fave rebellious Worms;
Where Vengeance and Compassion join,
In their divinest Forms:

Here the Whole DEITY is known;
Nor dares a Creature guess
Which of the Glories brightest shone,
The Justice, or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB, Adorn the Heav'nly Plains: Bright Scraphs learn IMMANUEL'S Name, And try their choicest Strains.

O may I bear fome humble Part,
In that immortal Song!

Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

But when weltton in 109 to M M Y H

WHAT shall I do, my Saviour to praise; O So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace; So strong to deliver, so good to redeem, and al The weakest Believer that hangs upon Him! How happy the Man whose Heart is set free; The People that can be joyful in Theest load . Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face; And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace. Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name, They shall as their Right, thy Righteousness claim, Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy Blood, Bold shall they appear in the Presence of Gon. For Thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r, And I also trust to see the glad Hour, My Soul's new Creation, a Life from the Dead, The Day of Salvation that lifts up my Head.

Yes, LORD, I shall see the Bliss of thine own, by Thy Secret to me shall soon be made known; For Sorrow and Sadness I Joy shall receive, And share in the Gladness of all that believe.

HYMN ngiad C. M. I vlod of T JESUS, the all reftoring Word, Our fallen Spirit's hope; After thy lovely Likeness, Lord, O when shall we wake up? Thou, O our God, Thou only art The Life, the Truth, the Way; Quicken our Souls, instruct our Hearts, Nor let our Footsteps stray.

Or give in Heav'n above;
Give us, O Lord, Thyself to know;
Give us thy precious Love.

Bid our Affections no more rove! and I dand day Preserve us wholly Thine Hall and of the Secret to the Sec And let us daily tafte and prove as bas worses so'l Sweet Fellowship divine leabed administral but

The holy Intercourse begun M. M. M. Between our Souls and Thee, and SUZI Through all Eternity! sheet I visyof yell refit.

HYMN 192. AN S. IM. north O

WAKE, and fing the Song Of Mofes and the LAMB;

Wake ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue, To praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love, Sing of his rifing Pow'r; Sing how He intercedes above For those whose Sins He bore.

Sing, till we feel our Hearts

Ascending with our Tongues:
Sing, till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing on your heavinly Way, Ye ransom'd Sinners sing: Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day, In Christ th' Eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say—Mat. 25. 34.
Ye blessed Children come,
Soon will He call you hence away,
To take his Wand'rers Home.

HYMN 93. 8 8 6.

WITH fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,
When Ifrael's mourning Tribes complain'd,
And figh'd to be reliev'd;

K

A Serpent straight the Prophet made, Of molten Brass to View display'd: The Patients look'd and liv'd.

But Oh! what healing to the Heart,
Doth Jesu's greater Cross impart,
To those who seek a Cure!

Ifr'el of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent Grace confess,
Whilst Life and Breath endure.

To Reason's View, so strange Effect Self-righteous Souls will still reject, And perish in their Pride!

Not so the Stung with Sin and Law, These all their rich Salvation draw, From Jesu's bleeding Side!

May we then view the matchless Cross
And other Objects count but Loss,
No other Gain explore!
Here still be fix'd our feasted Eyes,
Teeming with Tears of glad Surprise,
And thankfully adore!

Hail, great IMMANUEL, balmy Name!
Thy Praise the ransom'd will proclaim,
Thee we Physician call;
We own no other Cure but Thine,
Thou the Deliverer Divine,
Our Health, our Life, our All.

101
H Y M N 94. 8 7.
GUIDE me O Thou Great JEHOVAH, Pilgrim thro' this barren Land;—Heb. 11. 13.
Pilgrim thro' this barren Land; -Heb. 11. 13.
I am weak, but Thou art MIGHTY,
Hold me with thy POWERFUL HAND:
Bread of Heaven! Bread of Heaven!— John 6. 32. Feed me now and evermore.
Open now the crystal Fountain-Zech. 13. 1.
Whence the healing Streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy Pillar - Exod. 13. 21.
Lead me all my Journey through;
Strong Deliv'rer! Strong Deliv'rer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
When I tread the Verge of Fordan, Fer. 12. 5
Bid my anxious Fears subside;
Death of Deaths, and Hell's Destruction,*
Land me safe on CANAAN's Side.
* 1 Cor. 15. 54.

And the second

Songs of Praises, Songs of Praises, I will ever give to Thee.

Musing on my Habitation,

Musing on my heavily Home, Heb. 11. 16.

Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,

Come, my Jesus, quickly come. - Rev. 22. 20.

Vanity is all I fee,

LORD, I long to be with Thee! Phil. 1. 23.

H Y M N 95. 8s.

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks He shall attend,
And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the fultry Glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty Mountain pant, hindre on mi To fertile Vales and dewy Meads My weary wand'ring Steps He leads; Where peaceful Rivers, foft and flow, Amid the verdant Landskip flow.

Though in the Path of Death I tread, With gleomy Horrors overspread, My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill, For Thou, O LORD, art with me still; Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid, And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

is warelly i

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way, Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray, Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile, The barren Wilderness shall smile,

With fudden Greens and Herbage crown'd, And Streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N 96. C. M.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

With pitying Eyes, the PRINCE of Grace, Beheld our helpless Grief;

He faw, and (O amazing Love!)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste He sled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

K 4

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break:
And all harmonious human Tongues,
The Savour's Praises speak!

Angels affift our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold:
But when you raife your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told!

H Y M N 97. C. M.

SWEET is the Memory of thy Grace,
My God, my Heav'nly King!
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.
God reigns on High, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,
And ev'ry Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait On Thee for daily Food;

Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat, And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compassions, LORD! How slow thine Anger moves!

But foon He fends his pard'ning Word, To chear the Soul He loves.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim:
May we, who taste thy richer Grace,

Delight to blefs thy Name.

H Y M N 98. S. M.

TO God the only wife,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praifes bring.

'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

He will present his Saints
Unblemish'd and compleat,—Eph. 5. 27.
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeeming God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs;
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs!

H Y M N 99. C. M.

HE is a God of Sov'reign Love
That promis'd Heav'n to me;
And taught my Thoughts to foar above—Col. 3. 1. 2.
Where happy Spirits be.—Heb. 12. 23.

Prepare me, LORD, for thy Right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day!
Come Death, and fome Cœlestial Band,-Luke 16. 22.
And bear my Soul away.

Then, my Beloved, take my Soul—Cant. 11. 16.

Up to thy bleft Abode,

That, Face to Face, I may behold—Job 19. 27.

My Saviour and my God.

MY hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r,
And Shield, art Thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

Engrav'd, as in Eternal Brass,

The mighty Promise shines:

Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze

Those Everlasting Lines.

The facred Word of Grace is strong
As that which built the Skies;
The Voice which rolls the Stars along.
Spake all the Promises.

H Y M N 101. C. M.

Our Hope for Years to come;
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,——Ifa. 32. 2.
And our eternal Home.

Before the Hills in Order stood, Or Earth receiv'd its Frame; From everlasting Thou art Gon, To endless Years the same.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are as an Ev'ning gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood,
With all their Cares and Fears,
Are carry'd downward by the Flood,
And lost in foll wing Years.

Time, like an over-rolling Stream,

Bears all it's Sons away;

They fly forgotten as a Dream

Dies at the op'ning Day.

O God our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while Life shall last,
And our perpetual Home!

H Y M N 102. 8s.

THOU Shepherd of Ifr'el Divine,—John 10. 14.

The Joy of the upright in Heart;

For closer Communion they pine,

Still, still to reside where Thou art;

The Pasture, Oh! when shall we find,

Where all, who their Shepherd obey,

Are fed on thy Bosom reclin'd,

'Are skreen'd from the Heat of the Day .- Cant. 1. 7.

Ah! shew us that happiest Place,
That Place of thy People's Abode,
Where Saints in an Extasy gaze,
And hang on a crucify'd Goo!
Thy Love for lost Sinners declare,
Thy Passion and Death on the Tree,
Our Spirits to Calvary bear
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the Lambs of thy Flock,
There only we'd covet to rest,
To lie at the Foot of the Rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy Breast;
'Tis there we would always abide,
And never a Moment depart;
Conceal'd in the Cleft of thy Side,
Eternally held in thy Heart.

150 HYMN 103. 10s. Dearest Saviour, please to look on me, And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee;* O fave me from the World's enfnaring Bait, And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait. Thou know'ft how apt I am, O Lord, to change, How oft my Thoughts on worldly Objects range: Keep them, My God, My Saviour, let them be Steady, unshaken, ever fix'd on Thee! Sometimes I talte of thy refreshing Grace, And then for other Things there is no Place; My Heart doth sweetly flow with Love to Thee: I prove the Grace for ev'ry Comer free. Oh! that I was but always in this Frame;

How could I love and praise my Saviour's Name!
Thus, thus, O Jesus, let it ever be,
Then will I sing thy Praise eternally.

* Hofea 11. 14.

DEAR Object of our strong Desire!
How long protracted is the Day,

When burfling forth in vivid Fire

Thy teeming Glories Thoul't display?
With various Ills encompass'd round,
Maintaining still disputed Ground,
Lo! Patience waits, a filent Maid,
By Hope, in azure Robe, array'd.
She waits; for sure not distant far

The Day that all our Mis'ry heals;

Methinks I hear thy rattling Car,

The Thunder of thy burning Wheels!
The Trumpet founds—the Dead arife—
JESUS, triumphant thro' the Skies,
Descends his Kingdom to maintain,
And pour the Glories of his Reign.

OD spake the Word, let Light appear!*

And Light came glitt'ring thro' the Air:
Creation then in Order rose,
And Man adorn'd the Glorious Close.
Th' Angelic Host God's Praises sang;
With Shouts the wide Empyrean rang.

God speaks the Word; obedient Light
Beams on our fallen Nature's Light
And Man, by Grace, thro Christ, restor'd
Lives by the same commanding Word.
Behold! the New-Creation rise;
It mounts, and challenges the Skies!

Speak, speak again O Potent Voice!
That all thy Children may rejoice,
* Gen. 1, 14.

The Earth and Heav'n create anew. And there let us thy Person view; With Thee in Blis for ever dwell, And of thy Great Redemption tell.

> HYMN 106. L. M.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne, Ye Nation's bow with facred Joy; Know that the LORD is GOD alone: He can create, and He destroy.

His Sov'REIGN Pow'r without our Aid Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men: And when like wand'ring Sheep we ftray'd He brought us to his Fold again. M sads mort at L 2 will no blast but

We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs, High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise; And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vast as Eternity thy Love;
Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand
When rolling Years shall cease to move.

HYMN 107. C. M.

THE Sinner that, by precious Faith,

Has felt his Sins forgiv'n,—1 John 2. 12.

Is, from that Moment, pass'd from Death,

And seal'd an Heir of Heav'n.—Rom. 8. 17.

The thousand Snares enclose his Feet,
Not one shall hold Him fast,
Whatever Dangers he may meet,
He shall get safe at last.

Not as the World the Saviour gives, He is no fickle Friend:

Whom once He loves, He never leaves;——Heb. 13. 5.
But loves him to the End.

Jesus in ev'ry Age has prov'd His Purchase firm and true.

What shall the Righteous do?—Isa. 28. 16.

O LORD, by this our Claim abides

This Title to our Blis:

Whatever Loss we bear besides, We'll never give up this.

HYMN 108. C. M.

LET me, my Saviour and my God, On Sov'reign Grace rely; And own 'tis free, because bestow'd On one so vile as I.

Election! 'Tis a Word divine: _____Rom. 11. 8. For, LORD, I plainly fee,

Had not thy Choice prevented mine, -2 Thef. 2. 13. I ne'er had chosen Thee.

For Perseverance Strength I've none: d neutrhoun Leins But would on this depend;

That Jefus having lov'd his own,

He lov'd them to the End _____ Fer. 31. 3.

Empty and bare I come to Thee, For Righteousness divine. The and an alout appeared W

Q may thy matchless Merits be, By Imputation mine! Rom. 4. 24.

HYMN 109. 8 7 L UKEWARM Souls, the Foe grows stronger, See what Hosts your Camp surround, Arm to Battle; lag no longer, Hark! the Silver Trumpet found. Wake, ye Sleepers; wake, What mean you? Sin befets you round about, Up, and fearch—The World's within you: Slay, or chafe the Traitor out. What enchants you; Pelf, or Pleasure? Pluck right Eyes; with right Hands part, Alk your Conscience, where's your Treasure? For, be certain, there's your Heart. Give the fawning Foe no Credit, Lo! the bloody Flag's unfurl'd. That base Heart (the Word has said it) Loves not God, that loves the World.

Gop and Mammon? Oh! be wifer.

Serve them both? It cannot be.

Eafe in Warfare, Saint and Mifer,

Thefe will never well agree.

Shun the Shame of foully falling

Cumber'd Captives clogg'd with Clay.

Prove your Faith. Make fure your Calling.

Wield the Sword; and win the Day.

H Y M N 110. 118

COMPASSIONATE Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend,
Thy Child from the Fury of Satan defend;
Thy Presence continue, thy Blessing convey,
And grant me a Spirit to praise and to pray.

Ligardact Con, that loves the World

Prevent and affift me, and so shall I run, And further within me the Work Thou'st begun; And then let the World reject or despise, Thy Grace for my Wants, LORD, shall ever suffice. Still go Thou before me, and guide me aright, Thy Peace be my Comfort, Thyself my Delight: Thy Will be my Pleasure, thy Honour my Aim, And this be my Glory, the Blood of the LAMB. This, this be my Portion, thy Beauty my Song, Thy Name and thy Praises still dwell on my Tongue: Direct by thy Spirit my Actions and Ways, So shall I inherit thy Blessing always.

HYMN 111. L. M.

HE lives! He lives! and fits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from Christ's Love?

Or what shall tempt us to despair?

160

Faith has an overcoming Pow'r;
It triumphs in the dying Hour:
Christ is our Life. our Joy, our Hope;
Nor can we fink with fuch a Prop.
My Peace and Safety lies in this,
My Creditor my Surety is;
The Judgment-day I dread the less:
My Judge is made my Righteousness.

HYMN 112. L. M.

SALVATION is for ever nigh

The Souls that fear and trust the LORD:

And Grace, descending from on high,

Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,

Since Christ the Lord came down from Heav'n,

By his Obedience so complete,

Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is giv'n.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And Heav'nly Influence bless the Ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle Reign.

His Righteousness is gone before,

To give us free Accels to Gon;

Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,

But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

HYMN 113. L. M.

A WAKE our Souls, (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)

Awake, and run the Heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;

But they forget the Mighty Gon,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

The Mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r.

Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures while endless Years Their everlasting Circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air, We'll mount aloft to thine Abode; On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly, Nor tire amidst the Heav'nly Road.

HYMN 114. L. M.
WHAT equal Honours shall we bring,
To Thee, O Lord our God, the LAMB,
When all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was flain,

The PRINCE of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rife, and live, and reign
At his Almighty FATHER's Side.

[Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
Who flood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar,
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' He was charg'd with Madness here.

All Riches are his native Right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss;
To Him ascribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakness on the Cross.]

Honour immortal must be paid, Instead of Scandal and of Scorn; While Glory shines around his Head, And a bright Crown without a Thorn. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men:
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature say, Amen.

H Y M N 115. C. M. I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price, My Heart doth sing for Joy; And fing I must, a CHRIST I have: O, what a CHRIST have I! CHRIST is the Life, the Truth, the Way, To Glory and to Gop; M. Israin aditate mill of Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types The Way the Saints have trod. CHRIST is a PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING; A PROPHET full of Light; A PRIEST, that stands twixt God and Man. A KING, that rules with Might,

CHRIST'S Manhood is a Temple, where The Altar, God, doth rest; My Christ, He is the Sacrifice; My Christ, He is the Priest.

My Christ, He is the Lord of Lords;
He is the King of Kings:
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his Wings.
My Christ, He is the Tree of Life,
Which in God's garden grows;
Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal:
My Christ is Sharon's Rose.

CHRIST is my Father, and my Friend,
My Brother, and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counfellor,
My Advocate above:

My Christ, He is the Heav'n of Heav'ns; My Christ, what shall I call? My Christ is First, my Christ is Last, My Christ is ALL in ALL.

HYMN 116. 8 7. CAVIOUR, canst Thou love a Traitor? Canst thou Love a Child of Wrath? Can a Hell-deserving Creature Be the Purchase of thy Death? Is thy Blood fo efficacious, As to make my Nature clean? Is thy Sacrifice fo precious As to free me from my Sin? Sin on every Hand furrounds me, No Acquittance can I hear; Pangs of Unbelief confound me, Oh! my Grief I cannot bear:

Interest and the

Here then is my Resolution, At thy dearest Feet to fall; Here I'll meet with Condemnation, Or a Freedom from my Thrall. Now deny thy Grace and Mercy, If Thou canst, to wretched me; Lay afide thy Love and Pity, If Thou canst, and let me die: If I meet with Condemnation, Justly I deserve the same; If I meet with free Salvation. I will magnify thy Name.

HYMN 117. GRACIOUS LORD, incline thine Ear, My Complaint vouchfafe to hear; Sore distrest with Guilt am I. Give me CHRIST, or else I die. ed inte Charist, 40%

Wealth and Honour I disdain. Earthly Comforts all are vain; They can never fatisfy: Live Timoles Tant Give me CHRIST, &c.

LORD, deny me what Thou wilt; Only take away my Guilt: Mourning at thy Feet I lie; Give me CHRIST, &c.

werd whireheld wa

de vricencer Him I

Sessionary VM VI

water different with Crus

A NOT THE PARTY OF THE PARTY OF

All unholy, all unclean, Nothing am I else but Sin; I to Thee for Mercy fly, Give me CHRIST, &c.

Thou dost freely fave the Lost; In thy Grace alone I trust; Unto Thee lift up my cry, Give me CHRIST, &c.

O my God, what shall I say? Take, O take my Sins away! Jesu's Blood to me apply; Give me Christ, &c.

Does the FATHER seem to frown? I take Shelter in the Son:
JESUS, to thine Arms I fly;
Save me LORD, or else I die.

HYMN 118. S. M.
HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise?
Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n;
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

170

Unholy and impure Are all our Thoughts and Ways,

His Hands infected Nature cure With fanctifying Grace.

> The Powers of Hell agree To hold our Souls in vain;

He fets the Sons of Bondage free, And breaks the curfed Chain.

> LORD, we adore thy Ways, To bring us near to GoD;

Thy Sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace, And thine atoning Blood.

HYMN 119. C. M.

COME, let us all unite to praise

The Saviour of Mankind,

Our thankful Hearts in solemn Lays,

Be with our Voices join'd.

But how shall Dust his Worth declare, When Angels try in vain; Their Faces veil when they appear Before the Son of Man.

O LORD, we cannot filent be,
By Love we are constrain'd
To offer our best Thanks to Thee,
Our Saviour, and our Friend!

Tho' feeble are our best Essays,

Thy Love will not despise;

Our grateful Songs of humble Praise,

Our well meant Sacrifice.

Let ev'ry Tongue thy Goodness show, And spread abroad thy Fame; Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erslow, And bless thy sacred Name! Worship and Honour, Thanks and Love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By Men below,—by Hosts above—
By all in Earth and Heav'n!

H Y M N 120. JORLD, adieu! thou real Cheat, Oft have thy deceitful Charms Fill'd my Heart with fond Conceit, Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms; ing avel will Now I fee as clear as Day gand Arising and How thy Follies pass away. the well manus Vain thy entertaining Sights; Let eviv Toneuccii False thy Promises renew'd, core before I by A All the Pomp of thy Delights co.H. vr vo la. I Does but flatter and delude: Thee I quit for Heav'n above, Objects of the noblest Love.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice uncertain Gust,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Worldly Honours end in Gall,
Rise To-day—To-morrow fall.

Foolish Vanity—farewel—
More inconstant than the Wave,
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.

Let not, LORD, my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since in Thee alone I find
Solid and fubstantial Joys:
M 4

174

Joys that never over past, Thro' Eternity shall last.

Lord, how happy is the Heart
After Thee while it aspires!
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer it's Desires;
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thine everlasting Reign.

Mi prousi.

HYMN 121. 7s.

HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live;
Day and Night they cry to thee
As thou art, fo let us be.

Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,

Fix, O fix my wav'ring Mind,
To thy Cross my Spirit bind;
Earthly Passions far remove,
Perfect all our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Misery;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r Divine Love unspeakable, are Thine; Praise by all to Thee be giv'n, Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n!

HYMN 122. 6s.

Mona en Sacidos villagoros. Trimuplemenstic Micst —

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
Thy better Portion trace;
Rise from transitory Things.
Tow'rds Heav'n, thy native Place:

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay,
Time shall soon this Earth remove;
Rise, my Soul, and haste away,
To Seats prepar'd above.

Rivers to the Ocean run,

Nor stay in all their Course:

Fire ascending seeks the Sun,

Both speed them to their Source:

So a Soul that's born of God——John 1. 13.

Pants to view his Glorious Face,—Psa. 27. 8.

Upward tends to his Abode,

To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the Prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet a Season, and you know
Happy Entrance will be giv'n;
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

H Y M N 123. C. M.

LET worldly Minds the World pursue,

It has no Charms for me;

Once I admir'd it's Trifles too,

But Grace has fet me free.

A mink the first out I wol longibe to diff it now

L and rolling d Ther tiell.

As by the Light of op'ning Day
The Stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly Pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my Choice,
I bid them all depart;
His Name and Love, and Gracious Voice
Have fix'd my roving Heart.

Now, LORD, I would be thine alone, And wholly live to Thee; But may I hope that Thou wilt own A worthless Worm like me!

Yes, tho' of Sinners I'm the Worst,
I cannot doubt thy Will;
For if Thou hadst not lov'd me first,--1 John 4. 19.
I had refus'd Thee still.

HYMN 124. L. M.

WHEN Darkness long has veil'd my Mind, And smiling Day once more appears, Then, my Redeemer, then I find, The Folly of my Doubts and Fears.

Strait I upbraid my wand'ring Heart,
And blush that I shou'd ever be
So prone to act so base a Part,
And harbour one hard Thought of Thee.

O let me then at Length be taught, What still I am so slow to learn,

That God is Love, and changes not,—Mal. 3. 6. Nor knows the Shadow of a Turn.

Sweet Truth, and easy to repeat,
But when my Faith is sharply try'd,
I find myself a Learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

180

But Oh! my LORD, one Look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient Will,—Luke 22. 61.
Drives Doubt, and Discontent away,

And thy rebellious Worm is still.

Thou art as willing to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;

Thou therefore all the Praise receive,

Be Shame, and Self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 125. C. M.

WHEN I can read my Title clear,-Rom. 5. 1. 2. To Mansions in the Skies;

I bid Farewel to ev'ry Fear,

And dry my weeping Eyes.

Shou'd Death against my Soul engage,

And hellish Darts be hurl'd;

Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,——1 Cor. 15. 55. And face a frowning World. Shou'd Cares like a wild Deluge come, And Storms of Sorrow fall; May I but fafely reach my Home, My God, my Heav'n, my ALL.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul, In Seas of Heav'nly Rest; And not a Wave of Trouble roll Across my peaceful Breast.

HYMN 126. C. M.

levides the Structure is Hom

L ORD what a wretched Land is this,
That yields us no Supply,
No chearing Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
Nor Streams of living Joy?

But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
And mortal Poison's grow;
And all the Rivers that are found,
With dang'rous Waters flow.

Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
Lies thro' this horrid Land:

And run at thy Command.

[Our Souls shall tread the Defart thro'
With undiverted Feet:

And Faith and flaming Zeal subdue—Heb. 11. 33.

The Terrors that we meet.

[A thousand savage Beasts of Prey—Pfa. 80. 13? Around the Forest roam;

But Judah's Lion guards the Way,—Rev. 5. 5. And guides the Strangers Home.]

[Long Nights and Darkness dwell below, With scarce a twinkling Ray; But the bright World to which we go

Is Everlasting Day.]

[By glimm'ring Hopes and gloomy Fears We trace the facred Road,

Thro' dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snares We make our Way to God.]

Our Journey is a thorny Maze, But we march upward still;

Forget these Troubles of the Ways, And reach at Zion's Hill.

[See the kind Angels at the Gates Inviting us to come!

There Jesus the Fore-runner waits,—Heb. 6. 20. To welcome Trav'llers Home!]

N

There on a green and flow ry Mount
Our weary Souls shall fit,
And with transporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet.

[No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue, and and Nor Trifles vex our Ear;

Infinite Grace shall be our Song,—Rev. 5. 9.
And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal Glories to the King
That brought us fafely through;
Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless Praise renew.

H Y M N 127. L. M.

OT diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Drefs,
Compose the Kingdom of our Lord;
But Peace and Joy and Righteousness,
Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong:
For God the Gracious and the Wise,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;
Nor shall our Practice give Offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 128. L. M.

No more, my Gon, I boast no more,
Of all the Duties I have done:
I quit the Hopes I held before,
To trust the Merits of thy Son.

Now for the Love I hear his Name,
What was my Gain, I count my Loss:
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

N 2

186

Yes, and I must and will esteem,
All Things but Loss for Jesu's Sake;
O may my Soul be found in Him,
And of his Righteousness partake!

The best Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne;
But Faith can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my LORD has done.

H Y M N 129. C. M.

When weaker Chritishas we

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above;—Heb. 4. 15.
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what fore Temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent and pure,
The Great REDEEMER stood,
While Satan's fiery Darts He bore,
And did resist to Blood.

He'in the Days of feeble Flesh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

[He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,-Mat. 12. 20. But raise it to a Flame;

The bruifed Reed He never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest Name.]

Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace

In the diffressing Hour.

H Y M N 130. C. M. HY should the Children of a King Go mourning all their Days? GREAT COMFORTER! descend and bring Some Tokens of thy Grace. Dost Thou not dwell in all the Saints, And seal the Heirs of Heav'n? - Eph. 1. 13. When wilt Thou banish my Complaints, And thew my Sins forgiv'n? Affure my Conscience of her Part In the REDEEMER'S Blood; And bear thy Witness with my Heart, That I am born of Gop. Thou art the Earnest of his Love, 2 The Pledge of Joys to come; And thy foft Wings, CELESTIAL DOVE, Will safe convey me Home.

H Y M N 131. C. M.
T ADEN with Guilt and full of Fears,
I fly to Thee my LORD;
And not a Glimpse of Hope appears,
But in thy written Word.
The Volume of my FATHER'S Grace
Does all my Grief annage:
Here I behold my Saviour's Face Rev. 1. 8. Almost in ev'ry Page.
Almost in ev'ry Page. I and a vel of abest and I
This is the Field where hidden lies
The Bearly of Price unknown; I sit also day w
That Merchant is divinely wife as mos tedT
Who makes that Pearl his own. TIAIRS with attan
Here confecrated Water flows vot at au ball Made
To quench my Thirst of Singal ruo engaryer all
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows, site od W
Nor Danger dwells, therein, on years of soul bank
We wleading with our & db

190

This is the Judge that Ends the Strife, Where Wit and Reason fail; My Guide to everlasting Life Thro' all this gloomy Vale.

Oh! may thy Counsels, MIGHTY Gop!
My roving Feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy Road,
That leads to thy Right Hand.

H Y M N 132. C. M.

WE bless the Propher of the Lord,-Acts 3. 22.

That comes with Truth and Grace;

Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word

Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his Blood,
And lives to carry on his Love,
By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King: How fweet are his Commands! He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin By his Almighty Hands.

Hosanna to his Glorious Name. Who faves by diff'rent Ways; His Mercies lay a fov'reign Claim To our immortal Praise.

H Y M N 133. L. M.

E TERNAL SPIRIT! we confess
And sing the Wonders of thy Grace; Thy Pow'r conveys our Bleffings down* From God the FATHER and the Son.

* John 16. 15.

Though which was him to

Enlighten'd by thine Heav'nly Ray,
Our Shades and Darkness turn to Day;
Thine inward Teachings make us know
Our Danger, and our Refuge too.
Thy Pow'r and Glory works within,
And breaks the Clouds of reigning Sin;
Doth our imperious Lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched Hearts anew.
The troubled Conscience knows thy Voice;
Thy chearing Words awake our Joys;
Thy Words allay the stormy Wind,
And calm the Surges of the Mind.

HYMN 134. C. M.

DEAREST of all the Names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can refift thy Heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?

Tis by the Merits of thy Death The FATHER smiles again;

'Tis by thine interceeding Breath—Rom. 8. 26.
The Spirit dwells with Men.

'Till God in human Flesh I see, My Thoughts no Comfort find;

The Holy, Just, and Sacred THREE, Are Terrors to my Mind.—Heb. 12. 29.

But if IMMANUEL'S Face appear, and the My Hope, my Joy begins:

His Name forbids my flavish Fear,

His Grace removes my Sins.

While some on their own Works rely,
And some of Wisdom boast,

I love th' Incarnate Mystery,

And there I fix my Trust.

H Y M N 135. C. M.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God With new melodious Songs; Come, tender to Almighty Grace The Tribute of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love That pity'd dying Men,

The FATHER fent his Equal Son—John 10. 30. To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, Dear Jesus, were not arm'd With a revenging Rod,

The Veng'ance of a God;

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forfook the Throne,

When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Trust in the Mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.——John 11. 26.

See, Dearest Lord, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bless the Great REDEEMER's Love,
And give the FATHER Praise.

HYMN 136. 6 8.

JESU at thy Command
I launch into the Deep;
And leave my native Land
Where Sin lulls all asseep.
For Thee I fain would all resign
And fail to Heav'n with Thee and Thine,

What though the Seas are broad,
What though the Waves are strong.
What though tempessuous Winds
Distress me all along.
Yet what are Seas or stormy Winds
Compar'd to Christ, the Sinner's Friend?

CHRIST is my Pilot wife,
My Compass in his Word:
My Soul each Storm defies
While I have such a Lord.
I trust his Faithfulness and Pow'r
To save me in the trying Hour.

Though Rocks and Quickfands deep
Through all my Passage lie:
Yet Christ shall safely keep
And guide me with his Eye.

How can I fink with fuch a Prop That bears the World and all Things up?

By Faith I fee the Land,
The Hav'n of endless Rest;
My Soul thy Wings expand
And sly to Jesu's Breast!
O may I reach the Heav'nly Shore,
Where Winds and Seas distress no more!

Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And all my Storms subside;
Then to my Succour fly
And keep me near thy Side.
For more the treach'rous Calm I dread
Than Tempests bursting o'er my Head.

Come Heav'nly Wind and blow
A prosperous Gale of Grace,
To wast from all below
To Heav'n my destin'd Place,
Then in full Sail my Port I'll find
And leave the World and Sin behind.

A Debtor to Mercy alone,
Of Covenant-Mercy I fing;
Nor fear with thy Righteousness on
My Person and Off'ring to bring.
The Terrors of Law and of Gon—Col. 2, 14.
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's Obedience and Blood
Hide all my Transgressions from View.

The Work which his Goodness began
The Arm of his Strength will complete;
His Promise is Yea and Amen
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor Things that are now Not all Things below nor above

Can make Him his Purpose forego,
Or sever my Soul from his Love.—Rom. 8. 39.

My Name from the Palms of his Hands Eternity will not erase;——Ifa. 49. 16.

Imprest on his Heart it remains In Marks of indelible Grace.

Yes, I to the End shall endure As sure as the Earnest is given;

More happy, but not more secure

The glorify'd Spirits in Heav'n.—John 14. 3.

HYMN 138. 115.

O Zion afflicted with Wave upon Wave Whom no Man can comfort, whom no Man can fave,

With Darkness surrounded, by Terrors dismay'd; In toiling and rowing thy Strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring the Billows now nigh overwhelm, But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the Helm, His Wisdom conducts thee, his Pow'r thee defends, In Safety and Quiet thy Warfare He ends.

O fearful! O faithless! in Mercy He cries; My Promise, my Truth, are they Light in thine Eyes?

Still, still I am with thee, my Promise shall stand; Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to Land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy Name Engrav'd on my Heart doth for ever remain: The Palms of my Hands whilst I look on, I fee The Wounds I received, when fuff'ring for thee. I feel at my Heart all thy Sighs and thy Groans, For thou art most near me, my Flesh and my Bones, In all thy Distresses thy Head feels the Pain, Yet all are most needful, not one is in vain. Then trust me and fear not; thy Life is secure; My Wisdom is perfect, Supreme is my Pow'r; In Love I correct thee thy Soul to refine, To make thee at length in my Likeness to shine. The Foolish, the Fearful, the Weak are my Care, The Helpless, the Hopeless, I hear their sad Pray'r. From all their Afflictions my Glory shall spring; And the deeper their Sorrows, the louder they'll fing.

Is feen, or known, or thought by

HYMN 139. L. M.

CTAND and adore! how Glorious He That dwells in bright Eternity! We gaze and we confound our Sight Plung'd in th' Abyss of dazling Light. Thou facred ONE Almighty THREE, Great Everlasting MYSTERY; What Numbers shall we frame Equal to thy tremendous Name? Seraphs, the nearest to the Throne, Begin, and speak the Great UNKNOWN; Attempt the Song, wind up the Strings To Notes untry'd, and boundless Things. You whose capacious Powers furvey Largely beyond our Eyes of Clay; Yet what a narrow Portion too Is feen, or known, or thought by you!

How flat your highest Praises fall
Below the Immense Original!
Weak Creatures we that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated Strain.

Great God forgive our feeble Lays, Sound out Thine own Eternal Praise; A Song so vast, a Theme so high Calls for the Voice that tun'd the Sky.

H Y M N 140. 78.

COME ye humble Sinner-Train,
Souls for whom the LAMB was flain;
Chearful let us raife our Voice,
We have Reason to rejoice.
Let us sing with Saints in Heav'n,
Life restor'd and Sins forgiv'n.
Glory and Eternal Laud
Be to our Incarnate God.

Now look up with Faith, and see Him that bled for you and me, Seated on his Glorious Throne Interceeding for his own. What can Christians have to fear When they view their Saviour there? Hell is vanquish'd, Heav'n appeas'd, God is reconcil'd and pleas'd.

Snares and Dangers may belet
For we are but Trav'lers yet.
As the Way indeed is hard
Let us keep a constant Guard;
Neither lifted up with Air,
Nor dejected to Despair.
Always keeping Christ in View,——Heb. 12. 2.
He will bring us safely through.

HYMN 141. 6 7 8. BLESS the LORD, my Soul, and raise A glad and grateful Song To my Dear REDEEMER'S Praise For I to Him belong. - Cant. 2. 16. He my Goodness, Strength and God, In whom I live and move and am; Paid my Ranfom with his Blood: My Portion is the LAMB. Though Temptations feldom cease; Tho' frequent Griefs I feel; Yet his Spirit whifpers Peace; John 14. 276 And He is with me fill: Weak of Body, fick in Soul, Deprest at Heart, and faint with Fears, His Dear Presence makes me Whole, And with fweet Comfort cheers. I de l'en art melet 4 Perc

O my Jesus, Thou art mine,
With all thy Grace and Pow'r;
I am now and shall be Thine
When Time shall be no more.
Thou reviv'st me by thy Death;
Thy Blood from Guilt has set me free;
My fresh Springs of Hope and Faith,
And Love, are all in Thee.——Psa. 87: 7.

H Y M N 142. 7 7 6.

WHOM have I in Heav'n but Thee
That can thy Creature blefs;
What were all the Earth to me
If a Stranger to thy Peace?
All is Vanity but Christ,
Pain and Darkness and Despair
Rankling in a Sinner's Breast
'Till Thou art present there.

If my Lord his Love reveal,—Rom. 5. 5.

No other Bliss I want;

He my ev'ry Wound can heal,

And silence each Complaint:

He that suffer'd in my stead

Must the Great Physician be:

I cannot be comforted,

'Till comforted by Thee.

Thee Thou know'st I wish to love,
For which thy Name I bless;
Pour thy Spirit from above
Upon my waiting Fleece!——Judges 6. 37.
Gentle as descending Dew,
Welcome as reviving Show'rs;——1 Thes. 1. 4.
Let Him my Election shew
And gild my gloomy Hours.

elemental desperation of the control of the control

Yet if so Thou see est fit

'Tis best for me to mourn;
Still my Hold I cannot quit,

Nor from my Refuge turn;
This, thro' Grace, my Song shall be,

As I to thy Kingdom go;
Whom have I in Heav'n but Thee,

And whom but Thee below?

HYMN 143. 78.

TIS my Happiness below—Heb. 12. 8.

Not to live without the Cross;

But the Saviour's Pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every Loss.

Troubles will and must befal,
But with humble Faith to see

Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is Happiness to me!

allarlie and off.

Of Affliction, Pain and Toil;
These spring up and choak the Weeds
Which wou'd else o'erspread the Soil;
Trials make the Promise sweet;
Trials give new Life to Pray'r;
Trials lay me at his Feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

Did I meet no Trial here,
No Chastisement by the Way,
Might I not with Reason fear
I shou'd prove a Cast-away?
Bastards may escape the Rod
Sunk in Earthly vain Delight;
But the true-born Child of God
Must not, wou'd not, if he might.

H Y M N 144. C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious Way
His Wonders to perform;
He plants his Footsteps in the Sea
And rides upon the Storm!

In deep unfathomable Mines

Of never-failing Skill

He treasures up his bright Designs And works his Sov'reign Will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take, The Clouds you so much dread

Are big with Mercy, and will break With Bleffings on your Head.

Judge not the LORD by feeble Sense, But trust Him for his Grace:

Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling Face. His Purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry Hour;
The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
But sweet will be the Flow'r.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err And scan his Work in vain; God is his own Interpreter And He will make it plain.

H Y M N 145. L. M.

JESUS, and shall it ever be
A mortal Man asham'd of Thee?

Scorn'd be the Thought by Rich and Poor,
Oh may I scorn it more and more!

nd Colonel at right flight fleshe the Sky

And chartering stairy flam:-

Asham'd of Jesus? of that Friend On whom for Heav'n my Hopes depend: It must not be,—be this my Shame, That I no more revere his Name.

Asham'd of Jesus? yes I may When I've no Crimes to wash away; No Tear to wipe, no Joy to crave, No Fears to quell, nor Soul to save.

Till then, (nor is the Boasting vain,)
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And Oh! may this my Portion be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me!

HYMN 146. 8 8 6.

WE foon shall hear the Midnight Cry,
And Gabriel's Trump shall shake the Sky,
And cleave the Starry Plains:

The Angel-Herald shall proclaim
Redemption through the slaughter'd LAMB,
And break Death's pow'rful Chain.

Then shall the Judge descend in Clouds Circl'd around with countless Crouds Of the Celestial Choir; Before whose rapid Glorious Ray, The frighted Heav'ns shall slee away, And hide themselves in Fire.

How, how shall Sinners venture night Before the LAMB in yonder Sky? Yet Oh they must draw near! To hear the dreadful Word, Depart, Which like some deadly pointed Dart, Their Hearts will wound and tear. While vengeful, fi'ry Tempests hurl'd
Shall chase them downward to the World
Of everlasting Pain;
Then they their helpless Grief shall mourn,
Who to the LAMB would never turn,
The LAMB for Sinners slain.

Dear LORD I fink at thy pierc'd Feet,
Oh let me by Experience fweet
Taste thy forgiving Love;
And when Thou dost to Judgment come
Take me with Thee to thy blest Home
In Salem's Land above!

HYMN 147. 8 8 6.

OH! when my Righteous Judge shall come To fetch his ransom'd People Home, Shall I among them stand! Shall fuch a worthless Worm as I; So finful and unfit to die, Be found at thy Right Hand?

I love to meet among them now
Before Jehovah's Feet to bow
Tho' viler than them all:
But who can bear the piercing Thought?
What if my Name should be left out
When He for them shall call!

Dear LORD prevent it by thy Grace,
Oh! let me see thy smiling Face
In this my gracious Day:
Thy pard'ning Voice Oh! let me hear
To still my unbelieving Fear
Nor let me fall away!

Among thy Saints let me be found
Whene'er th' Archangel's Trump shall found,
To see thy smiling Face:
Then loudest of the Croud I'll sing,
Till Heav'ns resounding Mansions ring
The Riches of thy Grace.

HYMN 148. 8s.

A WAY my unbelieving Fear!
Fear shall in me no more take Place.
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the Brightness of his Face:
But shall I therefore let Him go,
And basely to the Tempter yield?
No, in the Strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my Shield.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
And not one Bud of Grace oppear,
No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
But Sin and only Sin is here;
Altho' my Gifts and Comfort loft,
My blooming Hopes cut off I fee,
Yet will I in my Saviour truft,
And Glory, that He died for me.
P 2

218

In Hope believing against Hope,—Rom. 4. 18.

Jesus my Lord and God I claim,

Jesus my Strength shall lift me up,

Salvation is in Jesu's Name:

To me He soon shall bring it nigh,

My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind

On Wings of Love mount up on high,

And leave the World and Sin behind.

H Y M N 149. C. M.

FREE-GRACE to ev'ry Heav'n-born Soul,
Will be their conftant Theme;
Long as eternal Ages roll,
They'll ftill adore the Lamb.

Free-Grace alone can wipe the Tears
From our lamenting Eyes;
Can raife our Souls from guilty Fears
To Joy that never dies.

And take it's Sting away:

Can Souls unto the utmost fave,

And then to Heav'n convey.

Our Saviour by Free-Grace alone
His Building shall complete;
With Shouting bring forth the Head-stone

Crying, Grace, Grace to it.

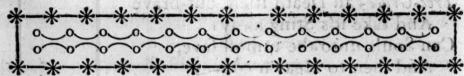
May I be found a Living Stone
In Salem's Streets above,
And help to fing before the Throne,

Free-Grace and Dying Love.

P 3

ov rured brilling





H Y M N S

Before SERMON.

HYMN 1. C. M.

SING to the LORD, JEHOVAH'S Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight, And Pfalms of Honour fing; The LORD's a GOD of boundless Might, The whole Creation's KING. Earth with it's Caverns dark and deep, Lies in his spacious Hand; He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep, And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore, Come kneel before his Face; O may the Creatures of his Pow'r Be Children of his Grace!

HYMN 2. St. M.

O JESU, our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd

For all the rich Bleffings convey'd thro' thy Word!

In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praife.

P 4

The Trumpet of God Is founding Abroad The Language of Mercy—Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the Bleslings of this Gospel-Day.

The People who know

The Saviour below,

With burning Affection to worship Him glow.

[Their Anguish and Smart
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on the Heart.]

The People are bleft
Who lean on his Breaft,
And have a rich Foretaste of his promis'd Rest.

[This Bleffing is mine Through Favour divine: But, O my REDEEMER, the Glory be Thine!]

The Work is of Grace;
Thine, thine be the Praise!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

HYMN 13. 20 S. M. 165d hold

THE God, whose Smiles we court,—Pfa. 4. 6.
From whom we Favour claim;
Whose Love alone new Life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly Flame;
Is none but the meek LAMB,
Our Dear Exalted LORD;
Whose Grace and Spirit still remain
To bless us in his Word.

His Promise is the same His Church below to bless,

When they affemble in his Name-Mat. 18. 20.

To supplicate his Grace:
A Train of Sinners poor
He will not cast behind;

But keeps his Word for evermore, And bears us on his Mind.

To our Relief He flies, He flies from Realms above;

Answers our Pray'rs in sweet Replies,

And Tokens of his Love.
Shall we not Witness bear
How faithful He hath been;

And boldly to the World declare,
Salvation we have feen?—Luke 2. 29.

5

Yes, if Thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy Name we will confess;
And speak of Christ the living Word,
The Lord our Righteousness,—Jer. 23. 6.
We'll mention to his Praise
The Triumphs of his Death;
And sing his everlasting Grace
Ev'n with our latest Breath.

HYMN 4. 8 7 4.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Goo's free Bounty glorify!

True Belief, and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace that brings us nigh,
Without Money, without Money, without Money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

* Ha. 55, 1.

Let not Conscience make you linger;

Nor of Fitness fondly dream, who was a work with the

All the Fitness He requireth war and lo stand back

Is, to feel your Want of Him: 100 a soll on I

This He gives you, this He gives you, this He gives you 'Tis the Spirit's rifing Beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden, Mat. 11. 28.

Lost and ruin'd by the Fall;

If you tarry 'till you're better,

You will never come at all. [teous;

- Evry Grace

Not the Righteous, not the Righteous, not the Righ-Sinners Jesus came to call.

View Him grov'ling in the Garden; Lo! your MAKER prostrate lies,

On the bloody Tree behold Him. Hear Him cry, before He dies; "It is finish'd; it is finish'd; it is finish'd."
Sinner, will not this suffice?——John 19. 30.

Lo! th' Incarnate God ascended,

Pleads the Merit of his Blood.—Eph. 4. 8.

Venture on Him, venture wholly;

Let no other Trust intrude.

None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus,

Can do helples Sinners good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert, Sing the Praises of the LAMB; While the blissful Seats of Heaven Sweetly echo with his Name. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Sinners here may fing the same.

HYMN 5. 8 8 6.

ZION, arife, thy Garments shake,
Of thy Dear Saviour's Worth partake;
Oh! call his Blessings down!
Thy Wants are great—but Jesus dy'd,
He loves to see them well suyply'd,
He makes thy Case his own.

Strangers in Heart we lately were,—Eph. 2. 12.
Till our Redeemer brought us near
By his attracting Pow'r;
Break out all ye in Songs aloud,
Who feel Redemption through his Blood,
And our High-Priest adore.

O Jesus, Lord, we humbly pray, Be gracious to thy Church To-day, Thy faving Health impart! The Dew of Heav'n on us distil, With Love each empty Vessel fill, And chear the drooping Heart!

HYMN 6. 10 5.

O JESU, we pray, be with us To-day,
Thy Blesling bestow,
And make all our Hearts with pure Joy overslow!

A right simple Heart to each one impart;

And a list'ning Ear; Prov. 20. 12.

Which may thy still small Voice attentively hear!

Unite us in Love, and then let us prove

How faithful Thou art

To bless those who are of one Mind and one Heart!

We earneftly crave a Bleffing to have,

That we may rejoice, [Voice! And bless Thee and praise Thee with Heart and with

Now kindle that Fire by purest Desire

To follow the LAMB,

And yield Him our Hearts in Love's filial Flame!

HYMN 7. C. M.

SINNERS attend, attend I pray, And hear the Gospel Word; Regard your Visitation Day, And entertain your LORD.

He calls unto the Sons of Men, His offer'd Grace to prove, That they in feeking may attain Repentance, Faith, and Love.

Give me thy Heart, the SAVIOUR cries,
Justly He doth it claim;
Oh! do not then his Call despise,
But give it to the LAMB.

His Arms are open to receive
Whoever to Him flies;
Pardon and present Peace to give,
And Love that never dies.

JESUS, our PROPHET, PRIEST, and KING, Thou Friend of Sinners, come; Descend, Kind Comforter, and bring The great Salvation down.

HYMN 8. 78.

SOURCE of Light and Pow'r divine,
Deign upon thy Truth to shine,
LORD, behold thy Servant stands;
Lo! to Thee he lifts his Hands:
Satisfy his Soul's Desire;
Touch his Lip with holy Fire.——Ifa. 6, 7.

Softly fall the healing Sound,—Deut. 32. 2. Like the Dew-drop on the Ground. Drooping Plants shall soon revive; Faith in Bud begin to live:
And enlarg'd shall soon disclose Beauties of the full-blown Rose.

In thy pure and Holy Way,
Heights and greater Heights display;
So that whilst our Race we run,
We may think it but begun;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.——Phil. 3. 13.

Ope thy Treasures! so shall fall
Unction sweet on him, on All.—1 John 2. 20.
Till by Odours scatter'd round,
Christ Himself be trac'd and found.

Then shall ev'ry raptur'd Heart,
Rich in Peace and Joy depart.

H Y M N 9. 8s.

MAY He, supreme essential Love,
Rich Source whence all our Blessings slow,
Bless us with Favour from above,
And smile upon his Church below;
Thy Pity, Gracious Lord, display,
And turn our Darkness into Day.

Behold our Desolations, Lord,
Give all to hear the joyful Sound,—Psa. 89. 15.
Be Honours to thy Grace restor'd,
It's fragrant Odours slow around,
Send Pastors ready to fulfil——Jer. 23. 4.
The Dictates of thy gracious Will.

Thy Foes have laid thy Vineyard waste, -Mat. 23. 35.

Her scatter'd Fences lie o'erthrown,

Her Fruits how bitter to the Taste!

And all her pristine Beauty's gone;

A Host combin'd against her join,

And ev'ry Beast devours thy Vine.——Pfa. 80. 13.

Thine Eyes from Heav'n's high Seat incline,

Behold the Offspring of thy Hand,

And visit, Lord, thy once-lov'd Vine;

May Lab'rers at thy high Command

Go forth, whose ceaseless Work, 'twill be

To dress thy Vineyard own'd by Thee.-Pfa. 80. 14.

WELCOME, welcome, bleffed Servant,
Meffenger of Jesu's Grace!
O how beautiful the Feet of—Rom. 10. 15.
Him that brings good News of Peace.

All hail Herald! all hail Herald! &c.
Priest of Gon, thy People's Joy!

Saviour, bless his Message to us,—Judges 3. 20.
Give us Hearts to hear the Sound
Of Redemption, dearly purchas'd
By thy Death and precious Wounds.
O reveal it! O reveal it! &c.
To our poor and helpless Souls!

Give Reward of Grace and Glory,

To thy faithful Labourer Dear,

Let the Incente of our Hearts be

Offer'd up in Faith and Pray'r.

Blefs, O blefs him; blefs, O blefs him; &c.

Now, henceforth, for evermore.

Pardon and Peace in 19 us had, p.

HYMN 11. L. M.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh,-Isa. 55. 1. ('Tis God invites the fallen Race,)

Mercy and free Salvation buy,

Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel Grace.

Come, to the living Waters, come, Sinners obey your MAKER's Voice;

Return, ye weary Wand'rers, Home, And in Redeeming Love rejoice.

See, from the Rock, a Fountain rise!—1 Cor. 10. 4. For you in healing Streams it rolls:

Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, fin-fick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;

Leave all you have, and are, behind;

Frankly the Gift of God receive,

Pardon and Peace in Jesus find.

HYMN 12. L. M.

BELIEVERS hear the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of our LORD;
Be wise to know your glorious Day,
All Things are ready, come away.

Ready the FATHER is to own——Luke 15

Ready the FATHER is to own,—Luke 15. 20.

And kiss his late returning Son:
Ready the Loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
The stony Heart to melt and move;
T' apply and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal you Sons of God.

Ready for you the Angels wait,—Luke 15. 10. To triumph in your blest Estate:
Tuning their Harps they long to praise
The Wonders of Redeeming Grace.

Q4

Come then, Believers, to your LORD,
To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd:
The Blessings of his Love embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

HYMN 13. BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
The gladly folemn Sound, Let all the Nations know To Earth's remotest Bound, " To late Mall ball. The Year of Jubilee is come; lo Timed and your fi-Return ye ransom'd Sinners Home! Wall vool od i Extol the LAMB of GOD, And well and fent yo The Great-atoning LAMB! Redemption in his Blood, A SAL HOY THE WOLLD Throughout the World proclaim: The Year of Jubilee is come; Return ye ransom'd Sinners Home!

Ye who have fold for Nought
Your Heritage above;
Shall have it back unbought
The Gift of Jesu's Love.
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ranfom'd Sinners Home!

Ye Slaves of Sin and Hell
Your Liberty receive;
And fafe in Jesus dwell
And blest in Jesus live.
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return ye ransom'd Sinners home!

The Gospel Trumpet hear:
The News of Heavinly Grace,
Ye happy Souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's Face,

The Year of Jubilee is come; Return to your eternal Home.

HYMN 14. L. M.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted Host,
Display thy glorious Banner high;—Isa. 13. 2.
The Summons send from Coast to Coast,
And call a num'rous Army nigh.

A folemn Jubilee proclaim,——Lev. 25. 10.

Proclaim the great Sabbatic Day;

Affert the Glories of thy Name,

Spoil Satan of his wish'd for Prey!

Bid, bid thy Heralds publish loud
The peaceful Blessings of thy Reign:
And when they speak of sprinkling Blood,
The Myst'ry to the Heart explain.

Lord shed thy Light, make plain the Way,
That leads to Sion's lofty Tow'r;
Pierc'd by thy Beams let Night be Day;
So shall we see and praise thy Pow'r!

HYMN 15. 8 7.

COME, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each Spark into a Flame;—Isa. 42. 3.
Blessings let us now inherit,
Blessings that we cannot name.
Whilst Hosannas we are singing,
May our Hearts with Rapture move;
Feel fresh Grace, in them still springing,

Onele or within withe Aranhade of the order

Free from Sin and all Confusion:

Breathe the Air of pureft Love.

Let us fail in Grace's Ocean,

Float on that unbounded Sea;

Guided into pure Devotion,

Kept from Paths of Error free:

On thy heav'nly Manna feeding, Screen'd from every envious Foe:

Love, O Love for Sinners bleeding,
All for Thee I would forego.

Daily nearer drawn to Thee; we sould be the Sinking in the fweetest Union

Of that Heart-felt Mystery:

Well protected from all Harms;

Free from Sin and all Confusion: Circle us within thine Arms!

H Y M N 16. L, M.

BELOVED SAVIOUR, faithful Friend,
The Joy of all thy Cross's Train;
In Mercy to our Aid descend,
Or else we worship Thee in vain!—Mat. 18. 20.

In vain we meet to fing and pray,
If CHRIST his Influence withold;
Our Hearts remain as cold as Clay,
Till we our God by Faith behold.

Then let us feel thy healing Beams,
And view thy reconciled Face;
Yea, prove thy Presence in these Means
To bless a vile and helpless Race.

Here manifest Thyself in Peace;
Thy faithful Mercies now make known:
Oh! breathe on us a Gale of Grace;
And send the shearing Blessing down!

We gladly for thy coming wait,
Seeking to know Thee as Thou art;
We bow as Sinners at thy Feet,
And bid Thee welcome to our Heart.

H Y M N 17. S. M. TEAR LORD, attend our Pray'r, And all our Wants relieve; Come to our Hearts, and dwell Thou there, That Thou in us may'st live!——Eph. 3. 17. In Weakness we draw nigh, Unto the Throne of Grace; Answer a Sinner's mournful Cry, And fill us with thy Peace. Thou read'ft the naked Breast; For Liberty we groan; O was no support 140 We figh in Thee, our LORD, to rest, Alban has And worship Thee alone.

If Trials vex our Mind,
Close to thy Wounds we'll flee;
No Refuge may we elsewhere find,
But what we find in Thee.

To Thee we come, our FRIEND,
As Sinners poor indeed;
On Thee for future Grace depend,
Our Help in ev'ry Need.

H Y M N 18. L. M.

HARK! in the Wilderness a Cry!——Isa. 40. 3. It shakes the Mountains, rends the Earth; The King appears, behold Him nigh The God by Nature, Man by Birth.

levels the Delets will and wild;

Bat like kind Research after

Run to and fro, ye Heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the Way!
Redemption's glorious Work's begun,
And who his potent Arm shall stay?

Make strait the Paths before his Feet,
And ev'ry Obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye Hills, your cumb rous Weight,
And bow before Redeeming Love.

Then shall the lowly Valley rise,
Its budding Honours spring to view;
Swift the Creating Fiat slies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st Thou the Meaning, Nature's Child? Know'st thou the import of the Cry? Thy Heart's the Desart waste and wild; But lo! the kind Reclaimer's nigh. Mountains of Unbellet and Sin of de soi 247 Before Him crumble into Duft shuce regish Thy humbl'd Heart shall then begin His all-restoring Hand to trust. By Him exalted, know thy State of gains I die ! A Garden rich in Fruit and Flow r: -- Cant. 4. 12. Thy Gracious MASTER's lov'd Retreat. It bust laded The Wonder of Redeeming Pow'r. H Y M N 19. HOLY GHOST, inspire our Praises,
Touch our Hearts, and tune our Tongues! Laud we now thy Name. O Jasus, Heav'n shall echo with our Songs. 200 201 of Ev'ry State, howe'er diffressing, Shall be Profit in the End Thee we land for rich Ev'ry Ordinance a Bleffing;

Ev'ry Providence a Friend.

Blessed Lord be Thou our Teacher,—John 14. 26.

Helper, Counsellor, and Guide;

Speak the Promise thro the Preacher,

And the hearing Ear provide.

Vain is Learning, Parts, or Merit, I balance milling Vain the native Pow'rs of Man. In the native Pow'r

HYMN 20. 2108: 724.0 YJOT COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched, and well Bring your humble grateful Lays; on aw busil Help to fing our Jesu's Merits,
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL'S Praise:

Friend of Sinners!

Thee we laud for richest Grace and a spending of vivi

O what Grace hast Thou vouchsafed!
O what Mercy hast Thou shown!

When, to die for vilest Rebels,——Pfa. 68. 18.
Thou didst leave thy blissful Throne!
Bleeding Saviour!

Melt, O melt our Hearts of Stone.

Come, ye Sinners, come to Jesus, Think upon your Gracious LORD: He has pity'd your Condition, He has fent his Gospel-Word:

Mercy calls you Mercy flows from Jesu's Blood.

Dearest Saviour, help thy Servant To proclaim thy wond rous Love; Pour thy Grace upon this People, That thy Truth they may approve: Bless, O bless them, From thy shining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Gospel-Feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Ev'ry Soul be Jesu's Guest:
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest.



hard has need with the

rook from year applicable indi

252

Salvation! O Thou bleeding LAMB,
To Thee the Praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our Hearts,
And dwell upon our Tongues.
Blessing, Honour, Praise and Power, &c.

HYMN 2. L.M.

L'I guondi

CLORY and Honour be to Thee, Thou Self-Existent DEITY; Thee we revere, and Thee adore, In Mercy infinite, and Pow'r.

To Thee our joyful Hearts we raife,
To Thee we bring our Songs of Praise,
Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.

Unto the HOLY TRIUNE GOD,
Who hath on us, poor Worms, bestow'd
Such Favours, such amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks, and Praise.

HYMN 3. 6 4.1 110

COME, Thou Almighty King,—Rev. 19. 6.

Help us thy Name to fing,

Help us to praise!

Father, all glorious,

O'er all victorious,

Come, and reign over us,

Antient of Days!

JESUS, OUR LORD, arise, Scatter our Enemies, And make them fall!

```
254
  Let thine Almighty Aid
  Our fure Defence be made, Pfa. 18. 2.
  Our Souls on Thee be flay'd, an no night ad W.
    LORD, hear our Call! and in a survey dou's
  Come, Thou INCARNATE WORD, - John 1. 14.
  Gird on thy mighty Sword Pfa. 45. 3.
    Our Pray'rs attend!
  Come! and thy People blefs,
  And give thy Word Success,
  Spirit of Holines ! Spirit of an cloth
                     Father, all glorious,
    On us descend!
  Come, Holy Comforter, John 14. 16.
  Thy facred Witness bear ___ John 16. 14.
    In this glad Hour!
  Thou, who Almighty art,
  Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
  And ne'er from us depart, in month of the
    SPIRIT of Pow'r!
```

To the GREAT ONE in THREE

Eternal Praises be

Hence evermore!

His Sov'REIGN MAJESTY

May we in Glory see,

And to Eternity

Love and adore!

HoYnMiN o4. ListM.

THIS God is the God we adore,—Heb. 13. 8.
Our faithful Unchangeable Friend:
Whose Love is as great as his Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End.

Tis Jesus, the First, and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe Home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HYMN 5. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the Skies-Pfa. 150. 6. Let the CREATOR'S Praise arise! Let the REDEEMER'S Name be sung, Thro' ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord,

Eternal Truths attend thy Word:

Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore,

Till Suns shall rise and set no more!

HYMN 6. 78.

YE that in his Courts are found,
List'ning to the joyful Sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of Sorrow, Sin, and Care,
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the Peace the Gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing Eyes,
View his bloody Sacrifice;
See in Him your Sins forgiv'n,
Pardon, Holiness, and Heav'n:
Glorify the King of Kings,
Take the Peace the Gospel brings.

H Y M N 7. C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting Love
That will not let us part;
Our Bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in Heart.

Join'd in one Spirit to our HEAD,

Where He appoints we go;

And still in Jesu's Footsteps tread,

And do his Work below.

258

Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd Embrace:
Out of his Fullness still receive,
And plenteous Grace for Grace.

John 1. 16.

But let us hasten to the Day Which shall our Flesh restore:

When vanquish'd Death shall shrink away, And Bodies part no more.

MY Soul repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great:
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the Heav'ns are raised Above the Ground we tread; So far the Riches of his Grace; Our highest Thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lorp,
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,——Pfa. 90. 5. Or like the Morning Flow'r; If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassion, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find——Ex. 20. 6.
Thy Word of Promise sure.

H Y M N 9. 104th.

YE Servants of God, your MASTER proclaim,
And publish Abroad his wonderful Name;*
The Name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, his Presence we have:
The great Congregation his Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation to Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, who fits on the Throne; Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son: Our Jesus's Praises the Angels proclaim, Fall down on their Faces, and worship the LAMB.

Then let us adore and give Him his Right, All Glory and Pow'r, and Wisdom and Might; All Honour and Blessing, with Angels above, And Thanks never ceasing, for infinite Love.

* Ifa. 9. 6.

HYMN I Too C. M. Too No. 10

THROUGH CHRIST when we together came,
In Singleness of Heart,
We met, O Jesu, in thy Name, Manual Company
And in thy Name we part.

Present we still in Spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the Wings of Eaith and Pray'r,
We, Abba, Father, cry.

Let an wide Earth recound the Dec's

California Grace by deoc.

O! may thy SPIRIT, Dearest LORD, In all our Travels, still Direct, and be our conflant Guard, HOUOSH To Zion's Holy Hill. Tras H to alems for al O, what a joyful Meeting there, an west O than a Beyond these changing Shades out Why di ni bal. White are the Robes we all shall wear, And Crowns upon our Heads. 100 wholl ai trage Hafte, Lord, and bring us to the Day When we shall dwell at Home: We happily go Come, O REDEEMER, come away; O, Jesus, quickly come an tried of Illi ew melon HYMN 11. : OS MY H

R AISE your triumphant Songs on World no slin To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth refound the Deeds, Celestial Grace has done.

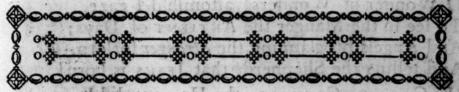
Sing how eternal Love
Its Chief Beloved chose,
And bid Him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears, No Terror cloathes his Brow; No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears, Let hopeless Sorrow cease; Bow to the Scepter of his Love, And take the offer'd Peace. May we obey the Call
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation He hath brought,
And love and praise his Name!





H Y M N S

For CHRISTMAS-DAY.

H Y M N 1. 118.

O JESUS MY SAVIOUR, I fain would embrace
Thy Name & thy Nature, thy SPIRIT & Grace,
And trace the dear Footsteps of Jesus my Lord,*
And glory in Him whom the Nations abhorr'd.
Heb. 13. 13.

O Wonder of Wonders! aftonish'd I gaze, To fee in the Manger the Antient of Days; And Angels proclaiming the Stranger forlorn, And telling the Shepherds that Jesus is born! My God, my CREATOR, the Heavens did bow To ranfom Offenders, and stoop'd very low; The Body prepar'd by his FATHER assumes,* And on the kind Errand most joyfully comes. For Thousands of Sinners the Lord bow'd his Head. For Thousands of Sinners He groam'd and He bled, My Spirit rejoices, the Work it is done; My Soul is redeem'd, Salvation is won. My Gon is returned to Glory on High; When Death makes a Passage, then to Him I'll fly; And gladly will leave all my Brethren behind, Expecting in Glory we all shall be join'd.

^{*} Heb. 10. 5.

HYMN 2. L. M. TESUS, all Praise is due to Thee, That Thou wast pleas'd a Man to be! A Virgin's Womb Thou didst not scorn, And Angels shout to see Thee born. Hallelujah. The bleffed FATHER'S only SON Chuseth a Manger for his Throne; And the High and Mighty Goo, Assumes our feeble Flesh and Blood. Hallelujah. Whom Earth could not contain nor Skies, In low Estate the Saviour lies: And who the World's Foundation laid, - John 1. 2. Is now a little Infant made. Hallelujah. The FATHER's Brightness comes in Sight,-Heb. 1. 3. Gives to the World it's faving Light; And drives the Clouds of Sin away, To make us Children of the Day. Hallelujah.

The Son the Almighty God confess'd,
In his own World became a Guest;
And open'd through Himself the Way,
A Passage to eternal Day.
Hallelujah.
For us these Wonders He hath wrought,
To shew his Love, surpassing Thought!-Eph. 3. 19.
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Loving God and King. Hallelujah.

YE simple Men of Heart sincere,
Shepherds who watch their Flocks by Night,
Start not to see an Angel near,
Nor tremble at this glorious Light.

An Hereld from the Heavenly Kyng.

An Herald from the Heavenly King I come your every Fear to chace; Good Tidings of great Joy I bring, Great Joy unto the fallen Race! For you is born on this glad Day,
A SAVIOUR by our Host ador'd,
Our God in Bethlehem survey,
Make Haste to worship Christ the Lord.
By this the SAVIOUR of Mankind,
The Incarnate God shall be display'd,
In Swaths the Infant ye shall find,
And humbly in a Manger laid.

HYMN 4. 8 7.

SHEPHERDS on their Flocks attending,
Shepherds that in Night-time watch'd,
Saw the Messenger descending,
From the Court of Heav'n dispatch'd.
Beams of Glory deck'd his Mission,
Bursting thro' the Veil of Night.
Fear posses'd them at the Vision:
Sinners tremble at the Light.

Dove-like Meekness grac'd his Visage;
Joy and Love shone round his Head.
Soon He chear'd them with his Message:
Comfort flow'd from all He said.

Fear not, Fav'rites of th' ALMIGHTY,

" Joyful News to you I bring:

"You have now, in David's City,
"Born, a Saviour, Christ the King.

"Go and find the Royal Stranger
"By these Signs. A Babe you'll see,

" Weak, and lying in a Manger,

" Wrapt and swaddled; that is He."

Strait a Hoff of Angels Glorious

Round the Heav'nly HERALD Throng;

Utt'ring in harmonious Chorus,

Airs Divine; and this the Song:

"Glory to our God be given
"By the radiant Hosts above;
"Peace on Earth to Men forgiven,
"Objects of Redeeming Love."
Thus they sang with Rapture kindling
In the Shepherd's Hearts a Flame,

All Believers feel the fame.

Lo, sweet Babe! we fall before Thee,

JESU! Thee we all adore.

Thine's the Kingdom, Pow'r, and Glory,

Joy and Wonder fweetly mingling:

We'll proclaim it evermore.

"Glory to our God be given

" By the radiant Hosts above;

" Peace on Earth to Men forgiven,
" Objects of Redeeming Love."

H Y M N 5. St. Stephen's.

JOIN all ye joyful Nations

Th' acclaiming Hosts of Heaven,

This happy Morn a Child is born,

To us a Son is given.

The wonderful Messias,

The Joy of ev'ry Nation,

Jesus his Name, with God the same,

The Lord of all Creation:

Gaze on the lovely Object
Of endless Adoration!
Those infant Hands shall burst our Bands,
And work out our Salvation:
Strangle the crooked Serpent,
Destroy his Works for ever,
And open set the Heavenly Gate
To every true Believer.

HYMN 6. 8 7.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
Born to fet thy People free;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in Thee!

Israel's Strength and Confolation,
Hope of all the Earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of ev'ry Nation,—Hag. 2. 7.
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart.

Born thy People to deliver,

Born a Child, and yet a King,—Isa. 9. 6.

Born to reign in us for ever,

Now thy gracious Kingdom bring!

By Thine own Eternal Spirit,

Rule in all our Hearts alone;

By thine all-fufficient Merit

Raife us to thy glorious Throne!

HYMN 7. 8 8 6.

loy de they longing Heart.

A LL Glory be to God on high,
Ye Sons of Adam fill the Sky,
With Praife and Thankfulness;
God, from an everlasting Love—Jer. 31. 3.
Decreed with his Dear Son above—Rev. 13. 8.
A finful World to bless!

Stand still, and see what God hath done,
He had but one Beloved Son,
And Him He freely gave:
For whom was this; but for a Race
Of cursed Sinners, vile and base?
Yet these He came to save.

All Glory to th' Eternal Son,
That He most freely did put on
Our Flesh and Misery:
That He, our God, a Man was made,
And bore our Curse, our Ransom paid,
By bleeding on the Tree!

He as a poor mean Child was born, His Birth no Palace did adorn, A Manger was his Bed: Look, look upon this rifing Sun,
Till Tears of Love the Eyes o'er-run,
This Babe is CHRIST our HEAD.

HYMN 8. 6 8. 12 1 1 1 1

A RRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Lo! the Great ANGEL stands!—Mal. 3. 1.
He holds the Promises

And Pardons in his Hands.

Commission'd from his FATHER'S Throne,
To make his Grace to Mortals known.

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Whose watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep:
He seeds his Flock, He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears the tender Lambs.——Ifa. 40. 11.

To this dear Surety's Hands,——Heb. 7. 22.

My Soul commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfils
His FATHER's broken Laws:

Believing Souls now free are set,

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth Heb. 2. 10.
To conquest and a Crown:

For CHRIST hath paid their dreadful Debt.*

* Rom, 10. 4.

March on, nor fear to win the Day, Though Death and Hell obstruct the Way.

HYMN 9. L. M.

HARK! the best News that ever came
To finful Men, condemn'd, forlorn!
Aloud, Celestial Hosts proclaim,
"A SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD is born."

Their Sov'REIGN throws his Beams aside,
And steps from his Imperial Throne;
In human Form the God to hide,
And out frail Flesh to make his own.

In fleshy Robes He's here confin'd,—1 Tim. 3. 16.
Whom yet no Limits comprehend;
And hardly can a Lodging find,
Tho' Monarchs at his Footstool bend.

How many Wonders here combine, To draw and fix believing Eyes; And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine, With awful Mirth and sweet Surprise.

The Angels croud, in shining Bands,
To wait on this auspicious Birth;
And loud proclaim their Gon's Comm

And loud proclaim their Goo's Commands, His Praise on High, his Peace on Earth.

Let us too try our utmost Skill,
And loud, with thankful Hearts, reply;
On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will,
And highest Praise to God on High.

H Y M N 10. 75.

H ARK! The Herald-Angels fing,
Glory to the new-born Krng!

Peace on Earth and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconciled.

280 laroW watern wall Joyful all ye Nations rife, H bos ws cool. Join the Triumphs of the Skies; With th' Angelic Host proclaim, " CHRIST is born in Bethlehem !- Luke 2. 10, 11.

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd, CHRIST the everlasting LORD; And Jord briot back Late in Time behold Him come. His Fraile on H Offspring of a Virgin's Womb. Let us too try our

Veil'd in Flesh the GODHEAD see, W. And but On Earth be Peac Hail th' INCARNATE DEITY! Pleas'd as Man with Men t'appear, JESUS OUR IMMANUEL here.

Hail the Heav'n-born PRINCE of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteoufness! ban days to sond Light and Life to all He brings, or Produit bas doo. Ris'n with healing in his Wings.

And mebell P

Mild He lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them second Birth.——John 3. 3.

II Y M N xx. 8

Come, Defire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home;
Rife, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed, Hamilton's Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine Image in its Place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate us in thy Love!

Tor Heaven and Faith are at Peace.

IFT up your Heads in joyful Hope,
Salute the happy Morn;
Each Heavenly Pow'r
Proclaims the glad Hour,
Lo Jesus'the Saviour is born!

All Glory be to God on High,

To Him all Praise is due;

The Promise is feal'd,

The Saviour's reveal'd,

And proves that the Record is true.

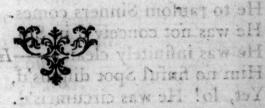
Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad Earth
At Jesus his Birth,
For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Helwas infinitely

Now the Good Will of Heaven is shewn Tow'rds Adam's helpless Race; MESSIAH is come To ranfom his Own, To fave them by infinite Grace.

Then let us join the Heavens above Where hymning Seraphs fing Join all the glad Pow'rs, For their LORD is Ours Our PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

Haman Nature He alf &mt.



H Y MO and N and S

For NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

H Y M N 1. 3 78.

SEE, my Soul, with Wonder fee
The Incarnate DEITY;
Human Nature He assumes,
He to ransom Sinners comes.
He was not conceiv'd in Sin,
He was infinitely clean;—Heb. 9. 14.
Him no finful Spot disguis'd,
Yet, lo! He was circumcis'd.

He fulfill'd all Righteousness,
Standing in our legal Place,
From the Cradle to the Cross,
All He did He did for us.
He did all our Woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live;
By his Stripes our Wounds are heal'd,—Ifa. 53. 5.
By his Blood our Peace is seal'd.

JESU'S Pain procures our Ease,
JESU'S Death is our Release;
JESU'S Cross obtains our Crown,
JESU'S Sepulchre our Throne.
LORD, conform us to thy Death,
Bid our Sins yield up their Breath;
By thy Resurrection's Power,
Make our Souls to Glory soar.

286

Circumcife our filthy Hearts,
Purify our inward Parts;
LORD, destroy the carnal Mind
That in Thee we Peace may find:
In thy Righteousness array'd,
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with Thee in White,
Till we see thy Face in Light.

H Y M N 2. C. M.

A ND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell.

The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would fink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.

Almighty Goodness cries forbear,
And strait the Thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

LORD, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin;
Oh that our Hearts may bleed to see
What Rebels we have been!

No more, our Lusts, may ye command,
No more may we obey!
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring Hand,
And drive thy Foes away.

To cut the Fig. Tree down.

Cryd, Vet it Bill alone.

The Bay of our Loun

HYMN 3. 6 8.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
The God of Ages praise,
Who reigns enthron'd on high
ANCIENT of endless Days;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And spares us yet another Year.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holiness

On our dead Souls was found; 100,000 Yet doth He us in Mercy spare, Another, and another Year.

When Justice bar'd the Sword

To cut the Fig-Tree down,

The Pity of our Lord

Cry'd, let it still alone.

The FATHER mild inclines his Ear, And spares us yet another Year.

Jesus, thy speaking Blood
From God obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we see another Year!

Then dig about our Root,

Break up our fallow Ground,—Jer. 4. 3.

And let our gracious Fruit

To thy great Praise abound:

O let us all thy Praise declare,

And Fruit unto Persection bear!

Congressions and touck wall the Word Terre view when the word our four from

Complete of the Carlon Bank



H Y M N N N S

On as a longer Space: Thou didit in our he all Our bear

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 1. 8 8 6.

1 IS finish'd," the REDEEMER said,
And meekly bow'd his dying Head;
O wond'rous loving Pain:—John 19. 30.
Come Sinners, and mark well the Word;
There view the Conquests of our LORD,
Complete for helpless Man.

Finish'd the Righteousness of Grace,
Finish'd the Pain that bought our Peace;
The Sinner's Debt is paid:
Accusing Law cancell'd by Blood,
And Wrath of an offended God
In sweet Oblivion laid.——Jer. 31. 34.

Who now shall urge a second Claim?
The Law no longer can condemn,

Faith a Release can shew:——Rom. 8. 34.

Justice itself a Friend appears,
The Prison-House a Whisper hears,

Loose him, and let him go.——John 11. 44.

al directors to contrador

O Unbelief, injurious Bar! Source of tormenting Fruitless Fear, Why dost thou yet reply? 292

Where'er thy loud Objections fall,
'Tis finish'd, still may answer all,
And silence every Cry.

HYMN 2. I. M.

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Griefs condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God for Sinners slain
Weeping to Calvary pursue.— John 19. 5.

See how his Back the Scourges tear,
While to the bloody Pillar bound!
The Ploughers trake long Furrows there,
'Till his whole Body is a Wound.—-Pfa. 129. 3.

His facred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
With Nails they fasten to the Wood
His facred Limbs—expos'd and bare,
Or only cover'd with his Blood!

See there! his Temples crown'd with Thorn!

His bleeding Hands extended wide!

His streaming Feet transfix'd and torn!

The Fountain gushing from his Side!- John 19. 34.

Where is the King of Glory now?

The everlasting Son of Goo?

Th' IMMORTAL hangs his languid Brow,

Th' Almighty faints beneath his Load!

Beneath our Load of Sins, He dies!—1 Pet. 2. 24.
We fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown,
We caus'd those mortal Groans, and Cries,
We kill'd the FATHER'S only Son.

Conest his Soul good rend his Hearts of the fullees and d wan flow approved the Power of his these what's due to time.

This Tribute claims an injur'd Friend:
One whom I long pursu'd with Hate,
And yet He lov'd me to the End.
When Death his Terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his Arrows at my Head.
Christ interpos'd, the Wound He bore,
And bade the Monster dare no more.

Fast slow my Tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as you purple Tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly Blow,
I urg'd the Hand that piere'd his Side.
Keen Pangs and agonizing Smart
Oppress his Soul, and rend his Heart;
While Justice, arm'd with Pow'r DIVINE,
Pours on his Head what's due to mine.

Fast and yet faster flow my Tears,
Love breaks the Heart and drains the Eyes;
His Visage marr'd, tow'rds Heav'n He rears,
And, pleading for his Murd'rer, dies!

And, pleading for his Murd'rer, dies!
My Grief nor Measure knows nor End,
'Till He appears the Sinner's Friend;
And gives me in an happy Hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's Pow'r.

HYMN 4. 887.

WHO hath our Report believed?

Shiloh come is not received,

Not received by his own,

Promis'd Branch from Root of Jeffee

David's Offspring fent to blefs ye,

Comes too meekly to be known.

Tell me, O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation?
Some fair, spreading lofty Tree?
Let not worldly Pride confound Thee,
'Mong the lowly Plants around Thee,
Mark the Lowest—that is HE.

[Like a tender Plant that's growing Where no Waters, friendly flowing, No kind Rains refresh the Ground: Drooping, dying, we shall view Him, See no Charm to draw us to Him, There no Beauty will be found.]

Lo! Messiah unrespected!

Man of Griefs, despis'd, rejected!

Wounds his Form disfiguring,

Marr'd his Vifage more than any For He bears the Sins of many, All our Sorrows carrying.

[No Deceit his Mouth had spoken, Blameless, He no Law had broken, Yet was number'd with the worst: For, because the Lord would grieve Him, We who saw it, did believe Him, For his own Offences curst.

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised,
Stricken, smitten for our Guilt:
With his Stripes, our Wounds are cured,
By his Pains, our Peace assured,——Rom. 5. 1.
Purchas'd with the Blood He spilt.

Love amazing! fo to mind us,
SHEPHERD come from Heav'n to find us
Silly Sheep all gone aftray,
Loft, undone by our Transgressions,
Worse than stript of all Possessions,
Debtors without Hope to pay.]

Fear our Portion, Slaves in Spirit,—
He redeem'd us by his Merit
To a glorious Liberty:
Dearly first his Goodness bought us,
Truth and Love then sweetly taught us,
Truth and Love have made us free,

Bleffed be the Pow'r who gave us, Freely gave his Son to fave us, Bless'd the Son who freely came: Honour, Bleffing, Adoration, Ever, from the whole Creation, Be to God and to the LAME.

HYMN 5. St. M.

A LL ye that pass by! to Jesus draw nigh,*

To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

Our Ransom, and Peace, our Surety He is, Come, see, if there ever was Sorrow like his!

For what you have done his Blood did atone; The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear Son;

The LORD, in the Day of his Anger, did layf Our Sins on the LAMB, and He bore them away.

He answer'd for all, who come at his Call, And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall. * Lam. 1. 12. + Ha. 53. 10.

U 3

HYMN 6. Lt. M.

FOR you, and for me, CHRIST pray'd on the Tree: The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free,*

The Sinner am I, who on Jesus rely, And am come for the Pardon God cannot deny.†

My Pardon I claim, for a Sinner I am; A Sinner believing in Jesus's Name.

He purchas'd the Grace which now I embrace; O FATHER! Thou know'st He hath dy'd in my Place.

H Y M N 7. 7s.

Sons of God, triumphant rife, Shout th' accomplish'd Sacrifice; Shout your Sins in Christ forgiv'n, Sons of God, and Heirs of Heaven.

* Luke 23. 34. + John 14. 14.

Saints that now to CHRIST belong, List'ning Angels join the Song; Sing with us, ye Heavenly Powers, Pardon, Grace and Glory ours! Love's mysterious Work is done; Greet we now th' atoning Son, Heal'd and quicken'd by his Blood, Join'd to CHRIST and one with God.—Rom. 8. 17: CHRIST, of all our Hopes the Seal, Peace Divine in CHRIST we feel, Pardon to our Souls applied, Dead for you, for me He died. CHRIST by Faith we tafte below, Mightier Joys ordain'd to know, When his utmost Grace we prove, Rise to Heaven in perfect Love.



H Y M N S

FOR

E A S T E R.

HYMN 1. 8 8 6.

Whereon the Son of God arose,

And chac'd away our Fear; Mark 16.6.

The Day that God hath set apart,

To gladden every troubled Heart:

And dry up every Tear. Rev. 1. 10.

Welcome blest Day of solemn Joy And Pleasure that will never cloy, Eternal Life begun: Let all in Earth and Heav'n record, The Glories of their risen Lord; The Wonders He hath done!

This is the Day the Lord hath made;
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,——Pfa. 118. 24.
Ye dear peculiar Race;
Exalt Him with a Heart fincere,
His boundless Power and Sway revere,
And triumph in his Grace.

Your every Action, Word, and Thought, Your Life, your All, to Him devote, Who bought you with his Blood; Let Him your great Exemplar be, And loudly shout, 'tis He!—tis He!— Redeem'd us unto Gon!—Rev. 5. 9. Hallelujah.

HYMN 2. 8 7 8.

DPRISING from the darksome Tomb
See the victorious Jesus come!
Th' Almighty Pris'ner quits the Pris'n:
And Angels tell, the Lord is ris'n.
Angels, Angels, Angels, Angels, tell the
Lord is ris'n.

Ye guilty Souls that groan and grieve,
Hear the glad Tidings; hear, and live,
God's righteous Law is fatisfied:
And Justice now is on your Side.
Justice, Justice, &c.

Your Surety, thus releas'd by Goo,
Pleads the rich Ransom of his Blood.
No new Demand, no Bar remains;
But Mercy now triumphant reigns.
Mercy, Mercy, &c.

Believers, hail your Rifing HEAD, The First-begotten from the Dead, Your Resurrection's sure, thro' His, 'To endless Life, and boundless Bliss. Endless, endless, &c.

HYMN 3. 8 8 6. 44 100 01

A While he with his Fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble Faith convey'd

Then mounts the Starry Sky:—John 20. 20.
The Heav'ns with Acclamations ring,
To welcome their Triumphant King,
And shout his Victory.—Pfa. 68. 18.

Mindful of all thy Favours, now
In Gratitude we proftrate bow
Before thy loving Face:
Give all, affembled in this Hour,
To feel thy Refurrection's Pow'r,—John 11. 25.
And fing Redeeming Grace.

Clearly to ev'ry Heart display
The Virtue of thy Cross: This Day
Each drooping Heart inflame:

Refresh'd, we'll then unwearied go Along this Wilderness below, And spread thy glorious Fame.

Jesus, when will the Hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful Call shall hear,
And round thy Throne attend?
When shall we see Thee Face to Face, 1 Cor. 13. 12.
And join above to sing thy Praise,
Eternity to spend?

HYMN 4. 7s.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n To-day!

Sons of Men and Angels fay;

Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,

Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

308

Love's Redeeming Work is done, Fought the Fight, the Battle won: Lo! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er, Lo! He sets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal, Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell: Death in vain forbids his Rise, Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Soar we now where CHRIST has led, Foll'wing our exalted HEAD; Made like Him, like Him we rife, Our's the Crofs, the Grave, the Skies. What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our Parent's Fall;
Second Life we all receive,
In our Heav'nly Adam live.

Hail! the LORD of Earth and Heav'n,
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the RESURRECTION—THOU!— John 11. 25.

King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!

Everlasting Life is this—

Thee to know, thy Pow'r to prove,—John 17. 3.

Thus to sing and thus to love.

Sp . r r . ca salul !

HYMN 5. Ss.

HE dies! the FRIEND of Sinners dies!

Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around!*

A folemn Darkness veils the Skies!

A sudden trembling shakes the Ground!

Come Saints and Drop a Tear or two,

For Him who groan'd beneath your Load!

He shed a thousand Drops for you,

A thousand Drops of richer Blood!

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what fudden Joys we fee!
Jesus the Dead revives again!

* Luke 23. 27. 28.

The Riling God forfakes the Tomb! (The Tomb in vain forbids his Rife!) Cherubic Legions guard Him Home, And shout Him welcome to the Skies!

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell How high our Great Deliv'rer reigns! Sing how He spoil'd the Hosts of Hell, And led the Monster Death in Chains; Say " Live for ever Wond'rous KING! " Born to redeem! and strong to fave!" Then ask the Monster-" where's thy Sting? " And where's thy Vict'ry, boafting Grave? 1 Cor. 15. 55.

HYMN 6. 10 8.

FROM Heav'n the loud, th' Angelic Song began,*
It shook the Skies, and reach'd astonish'd Man;
By Man re-echo'd, it shall mount again;
Whilst fragrant Odours fill the blissful Plain.

Worthy the LAMB of boundless Sway;
In Earth or Heav'n the LORD of All;
Ye Princes, Rulers, Pow'rs, obey,
And low before his Foot-stool fall.

The Deed was done; the LAMB was slain;
The groaning Earth the Burthen bore:
He rose, He lives; He lives to reign,
Nor Time shall shake his endless Pow'r.

* Rev. 5: 12.

Riches and All that decks the Great,
From World's unnumber'd hither bring;
The Tribute pour before his Seat,
And hail the Triumphs of our King.

Wisdom and Strength are his alone, He rais'd the Top-stone, shouting Grace; Honour has built his lofty Throne, And Glory shines upon his Face.

From Heav'n, from Earth, loud Bursts of Praise
The mighty Blessings shall proclaim;
Blessings that Earth to Glory raise;
The Purchase of the wounded LAMB.

Higher, still higher, swell the Strain; Creation's Voice the Note prolong; The LAMB shall ever, ever reign: Let Hallelujahs crown the Song.

Hallelujah.

AND TO SERVICE STATE OF THE SE

H Y M N S On the SPRING.

H Y M N 1. 78.

HARK, dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing
Strives t' adore our Bounteous King!
Each a double Tribute pays;
Sings its Part and then obeys.
Nature's sprightliest sweetest Choir,
Him with chearful Notes admire;
Ev'ry Day they chaunt their Lauds,
While the Grove their Song applauds,

Tho' their Voices lower be. Streams too have their Melody! Night and Day they warb'ling run, Never pause but still sing on. All the Flow'rs that paint the Spring Hither their still Music bring; If Heav'n bless them, thankful they Smell more fweet, and look more gay. Wake for Shame, my fluggish Heart, Wake, and gladly fing thy Part; Learn of Birds, and Springs, and Flow'rs, How t' employ thy Nobler Pow'rs. Call whole Nature to thine Aid. Since 'twas He whole Nature made; Join in one eternal Song, Who to one Gop all belong.

X 3

316

Live for ever, glorious LORD, Live, by all thy Works ador'd, ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE, All Things bow to Thee alone!

HYMN 2. 8s.

IN dreary Wastes, where Horror dwells, Where Satan holds his gloomy Reign; And each returning Day but tells

The Tale renew'd of Grief and Pain:
Me, gracious LORD, Thine Eye beheld,
Wand'ring in Labyrinths of Woe;
Thy chearing Ray the Night dispell'd,
And gave thy saving Truth to know.

"And is there Hope?" (amaz'd I faid,)
"And is there Mercy from my Gop?"

"Shall Justice spare my guilty Head?" "
"And all be wash'd away in Blood?"

"Shall CHRIST Himself that Blood supply,"

"Atonement just, because Divine?"

Thy Word affords the sweet Reply;

Thy Spirit tells me all is mine.

How bleft my State! how chang'd the Scene!
What Wonders open to my View!
The Defart smiles in vernal Green,
With Flow'rs adorn'd of various Hue.
But chief the Lilly and the Rose,
(Of Christ the fragrant Emblems fair)

God's faving Mystery disclose, And breathe it's Sweetness thro' the Air,

The Raven's boading Voice no more, Or Owlet's Screech offend mine Ear: Nor Dragon's cry, nor Lion's roar: Nor doleful Creature shall appear,

X 4

But Birds melodious strain the Throat,
And Turtles coo throughout the Land:
Whilst Man exalts the swelling Note,
The Leader of the grateful Band.

HYMN 3. 14 all 8s.

HAIL, Hail reviv'd, reviving Spring,
Fair Type of Heav'ns Eternal Year!
While Nature's Works thy Praises sing,
Lo! Gratitude salutes thee here.
Swell, gently swell the solemn Song:
Now pour the bounding Notes along;

Teach Choirs below to Choirs above, To echo back the common Lay; And as they praise unbounded Love, To join in Bounty's Holiday. To God the Universal King,
Be sacred ev'ry grateful Choir:
In endless Hymns all Praises sing,
That endless Bounty can inspire:

All lost beneath stern Winter's Reign Creation's genial Powers appear'd; Spring call'd them into Life again, See! budding Verdure shews they heard. Bless, bless, O Man, the kind Design, Whose Nobler Counterpart is Thine:

Thy Powers a gloomier Winter froze, Till thy Messiah's chearing Ray Prolific of fair Truth arose, And shed the Blaze of mental Day. To God, &c. 320

All spotless as the Truth He taught,

Free, as the Mercy He display'd,

He shew'd what Human Duty ought,

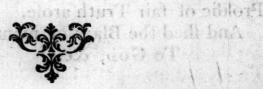
He did what Heav'nly Goodness bade.

Enforc'd each just Command He gave,

Nor liv'd, nor dy'd in vain to save:

To Cop the Universal Et

His Realms on high, his Worlds below,
All witness'd his unwearied Care;
The Victim here of gen'ral Woe,
The Captain of Salvation there.
To God, &c.





H Y M N S

FOR ICT and and

ASCENSION DAY.

HYMN 1. 7s.

JESUS our Triumphant Head, Hallelujah.
Ris'n victorious from the Dead,
To the Realms of Glory's gone,
To ascend his rightful Throne.

322

Cherubs on the Conquiror gaze. Seraphs glow with brighter Blaze. Each bright Order of the Sky Hail Him, as He passes by.

Saints the glorious Triumph meet; See their En'mies at his Feet. By his Scars his Toils are view'd, And his Garments roll'd in Blood.

Heav'n it's King congratulates; Opens wide her golden Gates. Angels Songs of Vict'ry fing; All the blifsful Regions ring.

Brethren, join the heav'nly Pow'rs: Since Redemtion all is ours. None but pardon'd Sinners prove Th' Height and Depth of Jesu's Love. Hail, Thou Dear, Thou Worthy LORD; Holy LAMB, Incarnate Word! Hail, Thou fuff'ring Son of God! Take the Trophies of thy Blood.

HYMN 2. 6 8.

REJOICE, the LORD is KING!—Phil. 4. 4.
Your LORD and KING adore,
Believers praise and fing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The God of Truth and Love,
When He had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:

324

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice, Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n,
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall Satan's Works destroy,
And every Bosom swell
With pure Seraphic Joy;
Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again, I say, rejoice.

in mort next

on your of level

Grant, the per

nov svoda dolla

acht mo monte

Clowing Tize by and the Skies

Rejoice, in Glorious Hope, Jesus the Judge shall come; To take his Servants up I day a set a vol sil ilia? To their Eternal Home: I aid of polarison of T We foon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice, The Trump of God shall found, rejoice.

HYMN 3. 78.

HAIL the Day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes CHRIST awhile to Mortals giv'n, Re-ascends his native Heav'n. See thy faithful There the pompous triumph waits: " Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates! " Wide unfold the radiant Scene, " Take the King of Glory in!"

Him tho' Highest Heav'n receives,
Still He loves the Earth He leaves;
Tho' returning to his Throne,
Still he calls Mankind his own,
Still for us He interceeds,
Prevalent his Death He pleads;
Next Himself prepares our Place,
Harbinger of Human Race!

Heb. 6. 20.

Raville'd from our willing

Ever upward let us move,

Wafted on the Wings of Love,

Looking when our Lord shall come:

Longing, gasping after Home.——1 Thef. 4. 17.

There we shall with Thee remain,

Partners of Thine endless Reign;

There thy Face unclouded see,

Find our Heav'n of Heav'ns in Thee.

HYMN 4. L. M.

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on High;
The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

There his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the folemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way!

Loose all your Bars of massy Light, And wide unfold th' Etherial Scene; He claims these Mansions as his Right, Receive the King of Glory in!

Who is the King of Glory, who?

The LORD, that all his Foes o'ercame;

The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew,

And Jesus is the Conquirer's Name.

Lo! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the folemn Lay;
Lift up your Heads, ye Heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlafting Doors give Way!

Who is the King of Glory, who?

The Lord of glorious Pow'r possest;

The King of Saints and Angels too,

God over All, for ever bless!

HYMN 5. 10s.

AWAKE O flothful Spirit, rouse, awake; The Lord Himself is ris'n; and where art thou? The Night is past; the Morn begins to break; The Day-star glitters on you Mountain's Brow.

Renew thy Labour; and thy Work beguile With Social Melody, with Hymns of Praise; Thy Gracious Lord's at Hand, to sweeten Toil: Th' Inspirer and the subject of thy Lays.

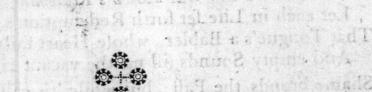
Oh! whilst we fing our LORD's Redeeming Love, Let each in Life set forth Redemption's Pow'r: That Tongue's a Babler, whose Heart fails to move: And empty Sounds fill up the vacant Hour.

Shame brands the Past; but while 'tis called to-day Let all with Strength renew'd redeem the Time; Unwearied let us walk the destin'd Way, Nor faint, if under a more sultry Clime.

Y 2

Jesus, our Refuge from the burning Sun,-Ifa. 25. 4. Yields the refreshing Stream and cooling Shade; To Jesus looking whilft our Race we run, out I de We feel his Strength in Weakness perfect made.

With Zion's Songs each other's Hearts we chear, Till all our painful Pilgrimage is o'er; Then shall the SAVIOUR wipe the falling Tear, And Sighs and Sorrowing shall be no more.* * Ifa. 35. 10.



the well are the our Lors as Reported

Shame dignile the P. ft

Met all while Strength reac A THE WAY OF THE WAY OF THE LOCK OF THE LO

Not part, if and a tree carefy

nia Tenent F. O R. O Mid Subno

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 1. 8 8 6.

DESCEND from Heav'n, Celestial Dove:*
With Flames of pure Seraphic Love
Our ravish'd Breasts inspire:
Fountain of Joy, blest PARACLETE,
Warm our cold Hearts with Heav'nly Heat,
And set our Souls on Fire!

Ads 2. 3.

Breathe on these Bones so dry and dead,--Ezek. 37. 7. Thy sweetest softest Insluence shed.

In all our Hearts abroad!

Point out the Place, where Grace abounds:

Direct us to the bleeding Wounds

Of our Incarnate God.

Conduct, blest Guide, thy Sinner-Train
To Calv'ry, where the LAMB was slain;
And with us there abide!
Let us our lov'd REDEEMER meet,
Weep o'er his pierced Hands and Feet,-Pfa. 22. 16.
And view his wounded Side!

From which pure Fountain if thou draw Blood that shall quench the fiery Law, And wash away our Sin, We'll tell the FATHER, in that Day, (And thou shalt witness what we say) We're clean, just God, we're clean.—John 15. 3.

[Teach us for what to pray; and how!—Luke 11. 1. And fince, Kind God, 'tis only Thou

The Throne of Grace can move;
Pray Thou for us; that we thro' Faith
May feel th' Effects of Jesu's Death,
Thro' Faith that works by Love.]—Gal. 5. 6.

Thou with the FATHER and the SON
Art that mysterious THREE in ONE,-1 John 5. 7.
God blest for evermore:
Whom, tho' we cannot comprehend,
Feeling Thou art the Sinner's FRIEND,
We love Thee, and adore.

H Y M N 2. S. M.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come; Ads 2. 3.

Let thy bright Beams arise, Dispel the Darkness from our Minds; * And open all our Eyes! ____ Luke 4. 18. Chear our desponding Hearts, and waste Thou Heav'nly PARACLETE; Give us to lie with humble Hope, At our REDEEMER'S Feet! Revive our drooping Faith; Our Doubts and Fears remove; And kindle in our Breast the Flames Of never-dying Love! Convince us more of Sin; Then point to Jesu's Blood:

And to our wond'ring View reveal
Th' amazing Love of God!

HYMN 3. C. M.

COME, Holy SPIRIT, Heavinly Dove, With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs; Kindle a Flame of facred Love In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly Toys;

Our Souls, how heavily they go, To reach Eternal Joys!

In vain we tune our formal Songs, In vain we strive to rife;

Hosannas languish on our Tongues, And our Devotion dies.

Dear LORD! and shall we ever live, At this poor dying Rate?

Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great? 336

Come, HOLY SPIRIT, Heav'nly DOVE, With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love; And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 4. GRANTED is the Saviour's Prayer,
Now descends the Comforter;—Acts 2. 4. Brings his Sayings to our Mind: Heavenly TEACHER of Mankind! Come, Divine and peaceful Guest, Enter now our waiting Breaft; HOLY GHOST, each Heart inspire, Kindle there the Gospel Fire. Crown the agonizing Strife, Principle, and LORD of Life; Life Divine in us renew, Thou the Gift and Giver too!

Now descend and shake the Earth, Wake us into Second Birth; Now thy quick'ning Influence give, Breathe; and these dry Bones shall live!*

Brood Thou o'er our Nature's Night, Darkness kindles into Light; Spread Thine overshadowing Wings, Order from Confusion springs.

Pain and Sin, and Sorrow cease, Thee we taste and all is Peace; Joy Divine in Thee we prove, Light of Truth and Fire of Love.

* Ezek. 37. 9. 10.

HYMN 5. L. M.

R EJOICE, rejoice ye fallen Race,
The Day of Pentecost is come!——Acts 2. 1,
Expect the sure descending Grace,
Open your Hearts to make Him Room.

Our Jesus is gone up on High,——Pfa. 68. 18. For us the Bleffing to receive:

It now comes streaming from the Sky, The Spirit comes and Sinners live.

Affembled here with one Accord,

Calmly we wait the promis'd Grace,

The Purchase of our dying Lorn;

Come, Holy Ghost, and fill this Place!

Behold to Thee our Souls aspire, And long the blest Descent to feel; Kindle in each thy living Fire, And stamp on every Heart thy Seal. Wisdom and Strength to Thee belongs,
Sweetly within our Bosons move,
Now let us speak with other Tongues
The new strange Language of thy Love.-Als 2.4.

HYMN 6. 8s.

COME now, dear LORD! Thyself reveal,
And let the Promise now take Place!
Be it according to thy Will,
According to thy Word of Grace!
Thy forrowful Disciples cheer,
And send us down the COMFORTER.

He visits now the troubled Breast,
And oft relieves our sad Complaint,
But soon we lose the transient Guest,
But soon we droop again, and faint.

Repeat the melancholy Moan—
"Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone!"

Hasten Him, LORD, into each Heart,
Our sure inseparable Guide—
O might we meet and never part!
O might He in our Hearts abide!
And keep his House of Praise and Pray'r,
And rest, and reign for ever there!





H Y M N S

ONTHE

TRINITY.

HYMN 1. C. M.

Ave I an am town to

HAIL Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

Be endless Praise to Thee!

Supreme, Essential One, ador'd

In Co-eternal Three.

Enthron'd in everlasting State, E'er Time its Round began,

Who join'd in Council to create

The Dignity of Man.—Gen. 1. 26. 27.

To whom Isaiah's Vision shew'd,——Isa. 6. 2. 3. The Seraphs veil their Wings,

While Thee Jehovah, Lord and God, Th' Angelic Army fings.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on High Were humble Praises given,

When John beheld with favour'd Eye-Rev. 4. 1. &c. Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

All that the Name of Creature owns,

To Thee in Hymns aspire;

May we as Angels on our Thrones

For ever join the Choir.

Hail Holy, Holy, Holy LORD!

Be endless Praise to Thee;

Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

HYMN 2. GOD of unexhausted Grace,
Of Everlasting Love, O'erpower'd before thy Face I fall, and dare not move; What hast Thou for Sinners done, For fo poor a Worm as me? Thou hast given Thine only Son, To bring us back to Thee! Suff'ring, Sin-atoning God, Thy hallow'd Name I bless; Jesus, lavish of thy Blood, To buy the Sinner's Peace!

Gushing from thy sacred Veins, Let it now my Soul o'erslow, Purge out all my sinful Stains, And wash me white as Snow.

HOLY GHOST, fet to thy Seal,
The Life of Jesus breathe,
The deep Things of God reveal,
Apply my Saviour's Death:
With the Father and the Son,
Soon as one in Thee I am,
All my Nature shall make known
The Glories of the Lamb.

FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
Thy GODHEAD we adore,
Join with the triumphant Host
To praise Thee evermore:

Live by Heaven and Earth ador'd,
THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
All Glory be to Thee!

HYMN 3. L. M.

BLEST be the FATHER and his Love,
To whose Celestial Source we owe
Rivers of endless Joys above,
And Streams of Comfort here below!

Glory to Thee, Great Son of God!

Forth from thy wounded Body rolls A precious Stream of vital Blood, Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit praise, Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe, Makes living Springs of Grace arise, And into boundless Glory flow.

Z 2

Thus God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, we adore, That Sea of Life and Love unknown, Without a Bottom or a Shore.

H Y M N 5. 7s.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost, One in Three and Three in One!

As by the Coelestial Host,

Let thy Will on Earth be done! Praise by all to Thee be giv'n, Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n! If so poor a Worm as I

May to thy great Glory live;

All mine Actions fanctify,

All my Thoughts and Words receive!
Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am!

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'rs,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will;
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, and speak, and do,
Take mine Heart—but make it new!

HYMN 6. 68.

WE give immortal Praise,
To God the Father's Love;
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

Z 3

To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe.
And now He lives,
And now He reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name,
Immortal Worship give;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live,
His Work compleats
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done:
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where Reason fails,
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails
And Love adores.

Z 4





H Y M N S

FOR THE

SACRAMENT.

HYMN .1. L. M.

THE Cross! the Cross! O that's my Gain, Because on that the LAMB was slain; Twas there my LORD was crucified; Twas there my SAVIOUR for me died.

* Col. 1. 20.

What wond'rous Cause could move thy Heart, To take on Thee my Curse and Smart; Well knowing that my Soul would be So cold, so negligent of Thee?

The Cause was Love, I sink with Shame, Before my sacred Jesu's Name; That Thou shouldst bleed and slaughter'd be; Because—because Thou lovedst me!

HYMN 2. L. M.

L ADEN with Guilt, Sinners, arise,
And view the bleeding Sacrifice;
Each purple Drop proclaims there's Room,
And bids the Poor and Needy come.—Luke 14. 22.

352

Beneath his People's Crimes He stood,
Sign'd their Acquittances in Blood;
Herein God's Justice is appeas'd;
Sinners look up and be releas'd.

Mercy, Truth, Peace, and Righteousness,*
Beam from the Reconciler's Face;
Here look till Love dissolve your Heart,
And bid your slavish Fears depart,
Oh! quit the World's delusive Charms,
And quickly sly to Jesu's Arms:
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.—Gen. 32. 26.

H Y M N 3. 8 8 6.

JESUS, Everlasting God,
Who once for Sinners shed thy Blood
Upon Mount Calvary;

* Pfa. 85. 10.

And finish'd there Redemption's Toil, And made lost Man thy happy Spoil: All Glory be to Thee!

Fain would I think upon thy Pain,
And find therein my Life and Gain,
And fix my Heart and Mind
Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;
Nor from that Point my Heart remove,
There Rest and Safety find!

Content and glad I'll ever be
To have Salvation, LORD, from Thee,
Ev'n as a Sinner poor;
I nothing have, I nothing am;
My Treasure's in the Bleeding LAMB,—Mat. 6. 21.
Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know
The more content I am to bow,
And sink beneath thy Cross:
And live by Faith upon thy Blood,
Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,
And count my Gain but Loss.

THOU LAMB of God once flain,
Think now upon thy Pain,
And before the Mercy-Seat
Let thy Merits intercede,
Plead for us thy bloody Sweat,

Our Souls, with inmost Shame, Address thy holy Name,

Pour down Bleffings on our Head.

Here to find Thee inly near,
Present to each waiting Soul!
Ev'ry drooping Sinner chear,
Breathe thy Spirit through the Whole!

Each Hind'rance, LORD, remove, By pouring in thy Love; Let those bleeding Wounds of Thine Precious to our Hearts appear; With peculiar Lustre shine, Gladden ev'ry Sinner here!

From thy Majestic Throne
In Mercy, LORD, look down;
View the Souls athirst for Thee,
Take them to thy kind Embrace;
Each adores with bended Knee,
All the Glories of thy Grace.

HYMN 5. 7 6.

FAITHFUL BRIDEGROOM, Holy LAMB,
By thy Church beloved;
Manifest thy sweetest Name,
To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of Thine
With a folemn Bleffing;
Let our Feast be all divine,
Each Thyself possessing.—John 14. 23.

Cause that bleeding Sacrifice, Once for Sinners given; To appear before our Eyes, Earnest of our Heaven.

We partake the Bread and Wine, Seals of our Profession; Of the inward Grace the Sign, Symbols of thy Passion. We commemorate thy Death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,
With unfeign'd Thanksgiving.

HYMN 6. C. M.

A LAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sov'REIGN die?
Would He devote that facred Head
For fuch a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the Tree? Amazing Pity! Grace unknown! And Love beyond Degree. 358

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,—Mat. 27. 45. And shut his Glories in,

When God the Mighty MAKER dy'd—Heb. 1. 2. For Man his Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face, While thy dear Cross appears; Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness, And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
That Debt of Love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
O help me so to do!

H Y M N 7. 8s.

E NCOURAG'D by the Word of Grace,
We meet Thee at thy Table, LORD,
O let us fee thy finiling Face—2 Cor. 4. 6.
And one reviving Look afford:

Unibote on

To us the Bread of Life be giv'n, ____ John 6. 35. The Bread which cometh down from Heav'n.

We are unworthy we confess, with word of an ovid One Cramb of Children's Bread to tafte; But cloathed in thy Righteonfaels Harry the sall

We humbly venture to the Feaft: beal rave not Amidst thy Saintsy dear Lord, appear, o woll last

And manifest thy Prefence here! Met. 18. 20

With heav'nly Food our Souls refresh,

To us be known in breaking Bread :- Luke 24. 85.

Tasting the Symbol of thy Flesh,

May we on purchas'd Mercy Feed:

Remind us how thy precious Blood

Was fied, to feat our Peace with Cop. Thy Love immente, un carchable!

HYMN 8. L.M.

Come, Thou wounded LAMB of Gos! Come washus in thy cleanling Blood; - Rev. 1. 5. Give us to know thy Love, then Pain Pain 19 19 19 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain .- Phil. 1. 21. Take our poor Hearts, and let them be For ever clos'd to all but Thee: Seal Thou our Breafts and let us wear That Pledge of Love for ever there. How can it be Thou Heav'nly King, That Thou shouldst Man to Glory bring, Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne! Deck'd with a never-fading Crown! O LORD, enlarge our scanty Thought, To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought: Unloofe our stamm'ring Tongue to tell--Ifa. 32. 4. Thy Love immense, unsearchable!

First-born of many Brethren, Thou, -Rom. 8. 29. To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow Help us to Thee our All to give, Thine may we die, Thine may we live! H Y M N 9 S. M. TOT all the Blood of Beafts On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace, Or wash away the Stain. Tol avoil to a stain But CHRIST, the Heav'nly LAMBON Takes all our Sins away: A Sacrifice of nobler Name, And richer Blood than they. My Faith would lay its Hand Lev. 1: 4. On that dear Head of Thine While like a Penitent I stand, And there confess my Sin.

3602
My Soul looks back to fee, The Burden I hou didft bear, 1 Pet. 2. 24.
When hanging on th' accurred Tree; And hopes her Guilt was there.
Believing, we rejoice To fee the Curse remove; Gal. 3. 13.
And fing his bleeding Love.
OME Sinners to the Golpel-Feath, Luke 14, 17
O taste the Goodness of your God, And eat his Flesh, and drink his Blood.— Ifa, 6, 53.
See Him let forth before your Eyes Gold 3 OL Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd Love make halte, embrace, And freely now be fav'd by Grace.

Ye, who believe his Record true,
Shall sup with Him, and He with you,—Rev. 3, 20.
Come to the Feast, be sav'd from Sin;
For Jesus waits to take you in.

HYMN 11. L. M.

PITY a helples Sinner, Lord, — Mark 9. 24.

Who would believe the gracious Word;

But own my Heart with Shame and Grief,

A Sink of Sin and Unbelief.

LORD, in thy House I read there's room:-Luke 14. 2.
And vent'ring hard behold I come.
But can there, tell me, can there be,
Amongst thy Children, Room for me?
I eat the Bread and drink the Wine:
But oh! my Soul wants more than Sign,
I faint; unless I feed on Thee,
And drink thy Blood as shed for me.

264 For Sinners, LORD, Thou cam'st to bleed: And I'm a Sinner vile indeed! LORD, I believe thy Grace is free: O, magnify it now in me. H Y M N 12. TEARTS of Stone, relent, relent, -Ezek. 36. 26. Break by Jesu's Crofs fubdu'd! See his Body mangled, rent, if has mig to have Cover'd with a Gore of Blood! Sinful Soul, what hast Thou done? Murder'd Gop's Eternal Son! Yes, our Sins have done the Deed, Drove the Nails that fix Him here; Crown'd with Thorns his facred Head. Pierc'd Him with a Soldier's Spear; For a finful World He dies! booth and shirt ba Made his Soul a Sacrifice.

Shall I let Him die in vain? Still to Death pursue my Gop?

Open tear his Wounds again,——Heb. 6. 6. Trample on his precious Blood? No; with all my Sins I'll part: Jesu's Love hath broke my Heart.—Pfa. 51. 17. HYMN 13. 7 6. ESUS, Master of the Feast, The Feaft itself. Thou art, Now receive the meanest Guest, And comfort ev'ry Heart! A soil a way Powis bed Give us Living Bread to eat, ___ John 6. 35. Manna that from Heav'n comes down, Fill us with immortal Meat, and appear of but And make thy Nature known!

In this barren Wilderness.——Pfa. 78. 19.

Thou hast a Table spread.

Furnish'd out with richest Grace,

Whate'er our Souls can need.

Still sustain us by thy Love,

Still thy Servant's Strength repair,

Till we reach the Courts above,

And feast for ever there.

HYMN 14. C. M.

THAT doleful Night before his Death,
The LAMB for Sinners flain

Did almost with his latest Breath
This foleinn Feast ordain — 1 Cor. 11. 23.

To keep thy Feast, LORD, are we met;
And to remember Thee.

Help each poor Trembler to repeat,
For me, He died, for me! — Gal. 2. 20.

Thy Suff'rings, Lond each facred Sign
To our Remembrance brings:
We eat the Bread and drink the Wine;
But think on nobler Things.
O, tune our Tongues, and fet in Frame
Each Heart that pants to Thee,
To fing, Hofanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me!

H Y Ma N sea 5 W C. Masiod w at I

To Colony's light Mount !- Dale 23 1831

Section of the between two Theyes,

Suffine on the Account.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs,
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the LAMB that dy'd, they cry,

Worthy the LAMB, our Hearts reply, For He was flain for us!

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine:

And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine!

The whole Creation join in one, To bless the sacred Name

Of Him that fits upon the Throne,

And to adore the LAMB.

H Y M N 16. S. M.

GO forth Believer, go
To Calvary's holy Mount!—Luke 23. 33.
See there thy FRIEND, between two Thieves,
Suff'ring on thy Account.

Fall at his Cross's Foot was a real manual transfer of And fay my God and LORD; 70hn 20. 28. Here let me dwell, and view those Wounds Which Life for me procur'd! and and had. Fix on that Face thine Eve. W. Y. H. W. Why shrinks thy trembling Heart? Thy great, thy many crimfon Sins Shame, Grief, and Fear impart. Fear not; for this is He rad thou medeal Donosle and Who always loves us first .____ 1 John 4. 19. And with white Robes of Righteoulnels Deigns e'en to deck the worst. _____ /a. 61. 10. Or art thou at a Loss What thou to Him shalf fay? Be but fincere, and all thy Case

Just as it is display.

That Heart our Saviour loves

Which does not strive to weave

Pretences fair to sooth itself,

And his sharp Eyes deceive.

H Y M N 17 1 78 0 000 00 x11 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose Glory fills the Sky: Peace on Earth to Man forgiv'n, Man the well-belov'd of Heav'n, ____ Luke 2. 14 CHRIST OUT LORD and GOD we own, CHRIST, the FATHER'S only Son, - John 1. 18. LAMB of God for Sinner's flain; SAVIOUR of offending Man. Bow Thine Ear, in Mercy bow: 2 1 a so words are Hear, the Great Atonement Thou, ___ 1 John 2. Jesu! in thy Name we pray, Juil as it is out. Take, O take our Sins away!

HYMN 18. Lt. M.

proud Wiener's Pare within. Buthe boill gras Wayer of Sur.

OFATHER of Heaven! be ever ador'd:
Thy Mercy we find in fending our LORD
To ransom and bless us; thy Goodness we praise
For sending in Jesus, Salvation by Grace.

O Son of his Love! who deignedst to die, Our Curse to remove, our Pardon to buy; Accept our Thanksgiving, Almighty to save, Who openess Heaven to all that believe. 372

O Spirit of Love, of Health, and of Pow'r!
Thy Working we prove, thy Grace we adore;
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's Blood,
Attesting and fealing us Children of God.-Eph. 1, 13.

HYMN 19. L. M.

SINNERS, the pierc'd REDLEMER see;
For you He hung upon the Tree:
Behold Him by the Eye of Faith,

For Life flows sweetly from his Death.

Salvation's unexhausted Well-Ifa. 12. 3.

Still pours the placed Streams to heal; Profuse the Spring incessant flows,

Nor Measure nor Cessation knows.

Here may we quench our parching Thirst, (The Fountain-head a Living Christ)

T' allay proud Nature's Fire within,

And calm the boist'rous Waves of Sin.

Tis Jesu's Grace, true Life imparts,
A Cordial for desponding Hearts,
A Med'cine for each Sin-lick Soul,
A balm to make the Wounded whole.— Jer. 8. 22.

Here may the wearied Spirit rest, oils 22132712 Reclin'd upon the Savtown's Breast; hopey to I The Mournful have each Want supply'd mill blood to The Faint a Remedy apply'd with a work and started

(I I me think head a Letter Blood it

Peace is mideliable Man and Gon.

Cornett to the Property toak a chimate in the State of the Office of the

For each a Cure by Jesu's Death, roll of the for all that feel a quick ning Faith; That Gift, Thou Comforter Divine, Bestow, and all we have be Thine.

HYMN 20. 8 7.

Hail Thou once despised Jesus!—Ifa. 53. 3. Hail Thou Gabilean King,

Who didft fuffer to release us, Who didft free Salvation bring:

Hail Thou precious precious Saviour Who haft borne our Sin and Shame:

By whose Merit we find Favour, Life is given through thy Namellow A world ad I

Paschal LAMB, by God appointed, --- Cor. 5. 7. All our Sins were on Thee laid:

By Almighty Love anointed,

Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full Atonement made.

Ev'ry Sin may be forgiven,

Thro' the Virtue of thy Blood!

Open'd is the Gate of Heaven, --- Mic. 2. 13. Peace is made 'twixt Man and Gop.

There for ever to abide,

All the Heav'nly Hosts adore Thee,

Seated at thy FATHER'S Side:

There for Sinners Thou art pleading,

"Spare them yet another Year;"

Thou for Saints art interceding,

Till in Glory they appear.

Worship, Honour, Pow'r and Blessing
Christ is worthy to receive,
Loudest Praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright Angelic Spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest Lays:
Help to sing our Jesu's Merits,
Help to chaunt Immanuel's Praise!

HYM N 10 211 ba6 miyo & isti ever! GOD of my Salvation hear, and sold and help me to believe; I will well and it. Simply do I now draw near, HTAT val to being Thy Bleffing to receive: word I around not stort Full of Guilt alas! Tam; Jons Jay 1000 ang? But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee: Friend of Sinners spotles LAMB, Voil Will at HIT Thy Blood was shed for me! Worldon Honour. Nothing have I, Lord, to pay, Leglard Hehled Nor can thy Grace procure; Meet it is for us t Empty fend me not away, For I, Thou know ft, am poor; - Bring's out fwee Dust and Ashes is my Name, raffine and or offill My all is Sin and Mifery;

Friend of Sinners, Spotless LAMB!

Thy Blood was shed for me!

Without Money, without Price, 377
I come thy Love to buy;
From myten I turn my Eyes
The chief of Sinners 1.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me lose myself in Thee:
Friend of Sinners, Spotles LAMB, TOUSE VILLE OF
Thy Blood was shed for me
HYMN 22. BULL M. dgft bnA
H! that our flinty Hearts would melt,
While to Remembrance, LORD, we call
Part of that Weight which Thou hast felt,
For who can comprehend it all?
Ye Sinners, while these Symbols dear
Present your fuff ring Lord to View,
Drop the loft Tribute of a Tear:
For He thed many a Tear for you.
B b.2

In the sad Garden, on the Wood, His Body bruis'd, from ev'ry Part, Pour'd on the Ground a purple Flood; Till Sorrow broke his tender Heart.

LORD, while we thus show forth thy Death,
O send thy Spirit from above.
Help us to seed on Thee by Faith;
And sigh, and sing, and mourn, and love.

HYMN 23. 8s.

TIS done! th' atoning Work is done:

JESUS, the World's REDEEMER, dies!

All Nature feels th' important Groan

Loud-ecchoing thro Earth and Skies;

The Earth doth to her Centre quake,

And Heav'n as Hell's deep Gloom is black!

The Temple's Veil is rent in twain, While Jesus meekly bows his Head; The Rocks refent his mortal Pain. The yawning Graves give up their Dead. The Bodies of the Saints arise, ____ Mat. 27. 52, Reviving as their SAVIOUR dies. And shall not we his Death partake,

In sympathetic Anguish groan? O SAVIOUR, let thy Passions shake Our Earth, and rent our Hearts of Stone: To fecond Life our Souls restore, And wake us that we sleep no more,

H Y M N 24. 1. S. M. HEY piere'd Him to the Heart. O let me view the Wound; And count the precious, precious Drops That stain the thirsty Ground. Ezek. 11. 19.

The Remole's Veil'is reat in twain. Ah! Who cou'd marr Thee thus, That never didft offend? How cou'd a finful World combine Agianst the Sinner's Friend? There needed not the Spear To shed my Saviour's Blood: Love would have burst his tender Heart, Whilft Mercy pour'd the Flood. O copious, healing Stream! Tho' urg'd by hoftile Hand: From evil springs the MIGHTY GOOD That cleanles Judah's Land.

H Y M N 25. OTHING but thy Blood, O Jesus, Can relieve us from our Smart; Nothing else from Guilt release us, Nothing else can melt the Heart.

Law and Terrors do but harden, Rom. 4. 15. All the while they work alone; the Hard But a Sense of Blood-bought Pardon b . 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 Soon diffolves a Heart of Stone. Jasus, all our Confolations W M X 11 Flow from THEE the SOV REIGN GOOD. Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience, All are purchas d by thy Blood, honey soll From thy Fulness we receive them; We have Nothing of our own: Freely Thou delight'ft to give them; bau and all To the Needy, who have none. The missing Teach us, by thy patient Spikit, 100 10 How to mourn, and not despair, not must like tall Let us, leaning on thy Merit, Wrestle hard with God in Pray'r. Bb and soicy vive bal

884	
Whatfoe'er Afflictions seize us, They shall profit, if not please: Ros	m. 8. 28.
But defend, defend us, Jesus, Amos 6. 1	An a Sch
TESUS invites his Saints.	abrail H.
Here pardon'd Rebels fit, and holds. R. Communion with their Lord.	om. 5.11.
For Food, He gives his Flesh: He bids us drink his Blood; Amazing Favour! matchless Grace!	0.6.55.
Of our redeeming Gos	That it that
Let all our Pow'rs be join'd His glorious Name to raile;	th less tol!
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind, And ev'ry Voice be Praise.	Wrolls

30°6
O come, and with his Children talter II
While Hope attends the fweet reparts blodes
There, with united Heard and Voice, or vivo roll
Before th' Eternal Throne, iiw shand souls of Ten thousand, thousand Souls, rejoice, I allow the In Extasses unknown these shoot my about the
Ten thouland thires, ten thouland more
Ye longing Souls the Grace adofel; as evolution of Approach, there yet is Roomed hid all fliw to
HYMN 138. zid C. M.
THERE is a Foundain filed with Blood, The Drawn from IMM ANDLE'S Veins
And Sinners plung'd beneath that Flood, lade Hatt

The dying Thief rejoic'd to fee of I socied I are I
That Fountain in his Day (of I on whowa')
And there have I, as vile as he, and books a social
Wash'd all my Sins away in not qualit usblook

Dear dying LAMB, thy precious Blood,
Shall never lose its Pow'r,
'Till all the ransom'd Church of Gob,
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er fince by Faith I faw the Stream,
Thy flowing Wounds fupply,
Redeeming Love has been my Theme,
And shall be 'till I die.

Then in a nobler sweeter Song.

I'll sing thy Pow'r to save.

When this poor lisping stammering Tongue

Lies silent in the Graye.

LORD I believe Thou hast prepar'd

(Unworthy tho' I be)

For me a Blood-bought free Reward,

A golden Harp for me.—Rev. 5. 8.

'Tis strung and tun'd for endless Years,
And form'd by Pow'r Divine,
To sound in God the FATHER's Ears,
No other Name but Thine.

HYMN 29. 104th.

THE Fountain of Christ—Zec. 13. 1.

Affift me to fing,

The Blood of our Priest,

Our crucify'd King;

Which perfectly cleanfes

From Sin, and from Filth;

And richly difpenfes

Salvation and Health.

This Fountain so dear

He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the Spear,

It gush'd from his Heart,

With Blood, and with Water,

The first to atone,

To cleanse us the latter;

The Fountain's but One.

[This Fountain is such

(As Thousands can tell)

The Moment we touch

It's Streams, we are well,

All Waters beside them

Are full of the Curse;

For all that have try'd them

Swell, rot, and grow worse.]—Mark 5. 25.

This Fountain, fick Soul,
Recovers thee quite;
Bathe here, and be whole;
Wash here, and be white:
Whatever Difeases
Or Dangers befal,
The Fountain of Jesus
Will rid thee of alluments

[This Fountain from Outlet
Not only makes pure,
And gives, foon as felt,
Infallible Cure;
But if Guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its Pow'r may be proved
Again, and again.]

This Fountain unfeal'd in minimo? and Stands open for all, in drever all that long to be heal'd, and the sout all The great and the finally. The great and the finally the water of the Weakly and That hither are led with white With With Here's Health for the Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Dead of The Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Dead of The Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Dead of The Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Sickly Seal of The Here's Life for the Mead of The He

This Fountain, tho rich, M Y H
Thom Charge is quite cleared I TAH W
The poorer the Wretch dame and on by and
The welcomer here a standard of the W
Come needy, come guilty, I but you daily
Come libath some land bare; and land of I
You can't come too filthy the class of the come guilt as you are.

Come just as you are.

Come deep in Aronies and Teas.

390

This Fountain in vain an instance I sid! I Has never been try dood not should. It takes out all stain and of should had been apply did been to good had? Whenever apply did been to good had? The Water flows sweetly distance and with Virtue divine, one redain had? To cleanse Souls completely, and had a real. The leprous as minered and a real.

HYMN 30: L. M.
WHAT Heavilly Man; or Lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the Skies,
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes?
The Lord! the Savrour! yes'tis He,
I know Him by the Smiles He wears;
Dear Glorious Man that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears.

Lo! He reveals his shining Breast,
I own those Wounds, and I adore;
Lo! He prepares a Royal Feast,
Sweet Fruit of the sharp Pangs He bore!

Whence flow these Favours so divine!

LORD! why so lavish of thy Blood?

Why for such earthly Souls as mine,
This Heav'nly Flesh, this sacred Food?

Twas his own Love that made Him bleed,
That nail'd Him to the curled Tree;
Twas his own Love this Table foread

For fuch unworthy Worms as we,

Then let us taste the Saviour's Love, Come, Faith, and feed upon the LORD:

With glad Confedt our Lips shall move
And sweet Hosannas crown the Board,

H Y M N 31. 8 8 6.

JESUS, Thou lovely bleeding LAMB,
Who underwent our Grief and Shame,
To fave our Souls from Hell;
While here we fit around thy Board,
Thy Pain, and Suff'rings to record,
Thy Praise aloud we'll tell.

We'll shout and sing thy lovely Name,
Loud Hallelujahs to the LAMB,
We'll sing thy Sovireign Grace;
Why didst Thou leave thy Throne above
To come and bleed to Death for Love,
To save our guilty Race.

O matchless Grace! O boundless Love!

Help us ye glorious Hosts above,

To sound his Praise abroad;

Hosanna, bleffed be his Name,
He fought and bled and overcame
And bought our Peace with God.

Thus will we crown thy Feast with Songs,
And join with Heav'n's triumphant Throngs,
To fing thy bleeding Heart:
Let ev'ry Soul that mourning came
Break forth, and loud with us proclaim
Thy Love before we part.

Thus strengthen'd in our Heav'nly Road
We'll travel to the Mount of Goo,
To join in Gabriel's Song,
There while we banquet on thy Love,
Our Songs shall fill the Orbs above,
'Mong the Seraphic Throng.

BEHOLD the LAMB immaculate,
With Thoughts of Love and Tendernels,
He came and left Heav n's glorious State
Into this howling Wildernels;
He could not rest in Heav n and see
Us doom'd to endless Misery.

While wand'ring thro' this Vale of Tears,
He mourned like a Turtle Dove;
He spent his three and thirty Years

In Sorrow, and then dy'd for Love:—Rom. 5. 8. For Love to such poor Worms as me, Sure this was Love beyond Degree.

Why, O my Kind REDEEMER, why
Why didft Thou love my Soul fo well?
That Thou wouldft bleed and groan and die
To fave my Soul from gnawing Hell?

This is the dazzling Mystery;
At which I'll gaze eternally:

Who long for cooling Streams of Blifs;
No Silsam or Bethesda's Pools

Are like the Streams of Paradife; In our fweet Saviour's wounded Side, A precious Fountain's open'd wide.

Our longing Souls to Thee draw near;
If now o'er us thy Bowels move,
Our fainting Souls with Cordials cheer;
With Shouts of Praife we'll then proclaim,
Loud Hallelujahs to the Lams.

HYMN 83. 98. hodi ai aidi

OH! how glorious is that Mystery,
Into which the Angels look and pry!
Who can tell the Heighth and Depth
Know the utmost Length and Breadth,
Of that Love which forc'd the LAMB to die?

We are Learners in the School of Grace;
Feeling something of the Blood-bought Peace;
Though 'tis little that we know
Of the Saviour here below,
Yet we soon shall see Him Face to Face,

Oh! what Raptures then shall fill each Tongue,
When our Hearts with Gladness join in one,
To sing Glory to the Name
Of the worthy slaughter'd LAMB;
And his Grace with Thankfulness to own!

Then the Saviour shall Himself display,
And his Person shall such Pow'r convey,
That our poor Souls must leave their Dross,
Purg'd by Virtue of his Cross,
And spring forth into eternal Day.

H Y M N 34. L. M.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night, When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose Against the Son of Gon's Delight, And Friends betray'd Him to his Foes:

Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace He spake!

398

This is my Body broke for Sin.

Receive and eat the living Food:

Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine:

'Tis the new Covinant in my Blood.

" Do this, (He cry'd) 'till Time shall end,

" In Mem'ry of your dying FRIEND;

" Meet at my Table and record

" The Love of your departed LORD.

Jesus, thy Feast we celebrate,

We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,

'Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the LAMB.

H Y M N 85. C. M.

ORD how divine thy Comforts are!

How Heav'nly is the Place

Where Jesus fpreads the facred Feaft

Of his Redeeming Grace!

two odem bath

There the rich Bounties of our Gos, wood And sweetest Glories shine;
There Jesus says, "That I am his, "And my Beloven's mine."

"Here (fays the kind Redeeming LORD,
"And shews his wounded Side)

"See here the Spring of all your Joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd!"

What shall we pay our Heav'nly KING
For Grace so vast as this?
He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
And seals it with a Kiss.

To Him that wash'd us in his Blood

Be everlasting Praise,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,

Eternal as his Days.

H Y M N 36. L. M.

AT thy Command, our Dearest LORD, Here we attend thy dying Feast; Thy Blood, like Wine, adorns thy Board, And thy own Flesh feeds every Guest.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd;

We hope for Heav'nly Crowns above, From a REDEEMER crucify'd.

Let the vain World pronounce it Shame, And fling their Scandals on the Cause;

We come to boast our Savior's Name, And make our Triumphs in his Cross.

With Joy we tell the scoffing Age
He that was dead has left the Tomb,
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

Unless a lovireign whitewestenow, Y. Hvi.
E XPECTANT at Bethesda lie John 5. 2. 1. The Lame, the Wither'd and the Blind,
Thele Sons of Pain and Milery
Wait the propitious Hour to find, When the kind Angel from above Shall the Health-giving Water move.
Shall the Fleath-giving water move and au tal wolf
In us. O gracious Saviour, fee
In frict Conformity to Thee
Sightless, in vain our Eye-balls roll, And all Infirmity, the Soul, I of our out to be of
Expos'd to all these mortal Ills.
The Soul, th' immortal Spirit dies, and sold of I

Unless a sov'reign Balm we know, And Life from blest Bethefda flow.

Here, LORD, we wait, now move the Wave The true Bethesda; let us prove

Present a mighty Pow'r to fave.

The Force of Jesu's dying Love; Now let us bathe in Mercy's Sea

And find our Health, Life, All from Thee on

H Y M N 38. S. M.

MY SAVIOR, Thou didft shed
Thy precious Blood for me;
O dwell within my worthless Heart,
And let me live to Thee.

Thou callest me, O Loro,

To come to Thee and live;

I therefore come with all my Sins,

I long to fee thy Face:
To know Thee more and more by Faith,
And daily grow in Grace.

And when this Life is o'er,

O may I dwell with Thee,

Still worshipping the blessed LAMB.

Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

H Y M N. 89. S.M.

Wind Courts Man He mill (abbly

Do Lucie, may AlM Mile R

माह दिल्ला पा फ्रांस मिलिस के हिंद

O Patient, spotless Lamb,
My Heart in Patience keep,
To bear the Cross so easy made,
By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my Shephere by where the bas a so. I yl Thy choicest Flocks abide and vel sal or good I From wanding fave my foolist Heart d'I would And keep it near thy Side Oni worg vlish banA My FRIEND Thou haft enough and side and bank My Mifery to relieve 3 of Pritiw flews I vam O The Sin and Guilt oppress me fore, Hardirow 1162 The Balm is Thine to give By Bris boil od W Do Thou, my All, unite My Heart fo firm to Thee, M M Y H That ev'ry where, and at all Times Thy Love my All may be HY M Nortes ogal 8 6ds raed of

THE LORD hath fworn, and cannot lye, With Corn and Wine He will supply His Chosen in their Need;

The Paschal Lamb is their Repast,

A Stranger thereof cannot taste,

Nor on the Manna feed.

Renew'd in Strength, we never tire,
But still his boundless Love admire,
And his Example trace:
The Gospel-Lamp shall light us on,
Until our Warfare here be done,
And finish'd by his Grace.

H Y M N 41 C. M.

JESUS, the Saviour of my Soul,
Be Thou my Heart's Delight;
Ever to me the fame remain,
My Joy by Day and Night!

Hungry and thirsty after Thee,
May I be found each Hour;
Humble in Heart, and happy kept
By Thine Almighty Pow'r!

Oh! may I never once forget
What a poor Worm I am;
From Death and Hell redeem'd by Blood,
The Blood of Gon's dear Lamb!

May thy Blest Spirit, in my Heart, Most sweetly shed abroad The Love of my Incarnate God, Who bought me with his Blood!

The Mystery of Redeeming Love

Be ever dear to me!

And may the Flesh and Blood of CHRIST

My daily Manna be!

H Y M N 42 C. M.

COME HOLY GHOST, Thine Influence shed,
And realize the Sign,
Thy Life infuse into the Bread,
Thy Pow'r into the Wine.

Effectual let the Tokens prove,
And made by Heav nly Art
Fit Channels to convey thy Love
To each believing Heart.

H Y M N 43.01 C. M.

THIS was Compassion like a God.

That when the Savron Rnew

The Price of Pardon was his Blood,

His Pity ne'er withdrew!

He funk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne:
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows

But cost his Heart a Groan. I office all will

Now tho' He reigns exalted high,

His Love is still as great:

Well He remembers Calvary, Nor will his Saints forget.

Here we receive repeated Seals

Of Jesu's dying Love:

Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One foft Affection move.

Here let our Hearts begin to melt, While we his Death record;

And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,—Rom. 5. 2. Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

H Y M N 44. C. M.	409
MY bleffed SAVIOR, is thy Love So great, so full, so free?	
Oh let me give my Love, my Heart, My Life, my All to Thee!	May
I love Thee for that glorious Worth In thy Great Self I see:	ings.
I love Thee for that shameful Cross Thou hast endur'd for me.	My
No Man of greater Love can boast——Rom Than for his FRIEND to die:	5. 8.
But for thy Foes, LORD, Thou wast slain; What Love with Thine can vie?	Thy
Tho' in the very Form of God,————————————————————————————————————	ol. 2.9.
Thou wouldst partake of Human Flesh, Beset with Troubles round.	My rich
Da zimenou woj	will.

410

Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love, In every beauteous Grace;

From Glory into Glory chang'd,——2 Cor. 3. 18.

May we behold thy Face!

Thy Friends the excellent on Earth,—John 15. 15. Shall be my chief Delight:

And when alone, I'll make thy Law My Study Day and Night.

Where Thou dost pitch thy Tent, and where Thy Honour deigns to dwell,

Let me fix mine, and there refide, Thy wond'rous Love to tell.

HYMN 45. L. M.
WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,—Phil. 3. 8.
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast—Gal. 6. 14.

Save in the Death of Christ my God:

All the vain Things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands and Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er fuch Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?
Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,

That were a Present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine,——Rom. 12. 1. Demands my Soul, my Life my All.

HYMN 46. C. M.
WHAT Object's this that meets my Eyes
From out Jerus'lem's Gate:
Which fills my Mind with fuch Surprize,
As Wonders to create.

412

What can it be that groans beneath A pond'rous Cross of Wood;

Whose Soul's o'erwhelm'd in Pains of Death, And Body's bath'd in Blood?

Is this the Man, can this be He?

The Prophets have foretold,

Should with Transgressors number'd be,
And for their Crimes be fold?

Ifa. 53. 12.

Yes, now I know 'tis He, 'tis He,
E'en Jesus, God's Dear Son;
Wrapt in Mortality to die
For Crimes that I had done.

O! bleffed Sight, O! lovely Form,
To finful Souls like me!
I'll creep befide Him as a Worm
And fee Him die for me.

I'll hear his Groans and view his Wounds Until with happy John, I on his Breaft a Place have found Sweetly to lean upon. _____ John 13. 23. HYMN 47.101 8s. ESUS, we claim Thee for our own: Our Kinfman, near ally'd in Blood: Flesh of our Flesh, Bone of our Bone, The Son of Man, the Son of God: - Eph. 5. 30. And lo! we lay us at thy Feet, Our Sentence from thy Mouth to meet. Partaker of my Flesh below, To Thee, O Jesus, I apply; Thou wilt thy poor Relations know, Thou never can'st Thyself deny,-2 Tim. 2. 13. Exclude me from thy guardian Care, Or flight a finful Beggar's Pray'r!

Thee, SAVIOUR, in my greatest Need,
I trust my greatest FRIEND to prove:

Now o'er thy meanest Servant spread,

The Skirt of thy Redeeming Love.—Ez. 16. 8. Under thy Wings protecting take,

And fave me for thy Mercies Sake.

Hast Thou not undertook my Cause, LORD over all, to Worms ally'd?

Answer me from that bleeding Cross,

Demand thy dearly ranfom'd-Bride:--Rev. 21. 9. And let my Soul betroth'd to Thee,—-Hof. 2. 20. Thine, wholly Thine for ever be!

HYMN 48. 8 7.

SWEET the Moments rich in Bleffing Which before the Cross I spend; Life and Health, and Peace possessing From the Sinner's dying FRIEND. Here I'll fit for ever viewing

Mercy's Streams in Streams of Blood;

Precious Drops my Soul bedewing

Plead and claim my Peace with God.

Truly bleffed is this Station

Low before his Cross to lie;

While I see divine Compassion

Floating in his languid Eye,

Here it is I find my Heaven,

While upon the Lamb I gaze;

Love I much? I've much sorgiven,

I'm a Miracle of Grace.——Luke 7. 47.

Love and Grief my Heart dividing,
With my Tears his Feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in Faith abiding,
Life deriving from his Death.

May I still enjoy this Feeling, In all Need to Jesus go; The state of the Prove his Wounds each Day more healing, so has been And Himself more deeply know!

Fruly bleffed . 8 this Seption M Y H

HAIL JESUS hail, our Great HIGH PRIEST,
Enter'd into thy Glorious Rest,
That holy, blissful Place above:
The Conquest Thou hast more than gain'd,
The Heav'nly Happiness obtain'd,
For all that trust thy dying Love.

Life deriving from his Dearin.

The Blood of Goats and Bullocks flain
Could never purge our guilty Stain,
Could never for our Sins atone:

But Thou Thine own most precious Blood
Has spilt to quench the Wrath of God,
Has sav'd us by thy Blood alone.

That we the Promise might receive,
Might soon with Thee in Glory live,
Thou stand'st before thy FATHER now!
For us Thou dost in Heaven appear,
Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
Our Saviour to the utmost Thou.

Not without Blood—Thou pray'st above;
The Marks of thy expiring Love
God on thy Hands engraven sees!

Occupe, and flow thy hading Take

collisted of single when a

He hears thy Blood for Mercy cry, And fends his Spirit from the Sky, And feals our Everlasting Peace.

Thankful we now the Earnest take,
The Pledge Thou wilt at last come back
And openly thy Servants own;
To us, who long to see Thee here,
Thou shalt a second Time appear,
And bear us to thy Glorious Throne.

H Y M N 50. C. M.

I WAIT the Visits of thy Grace,
My SAVIOR and my God;
O come, and show thy smiling Face,
And wash me in thy Blood.

Oh! whither can I go, to get
A Pardon for my Sin?
But only to my Saviour's Feet,
And wait and call on Him.

Oh! that I could but once, by Faith,
Behold Him on the Tree;
And fee Him languish there to Death,
And shed his Blood for me.

Oh! that I might but once be found,
In that blest Wedding-Dress;
Which in my Ears doth often found,
His Blood and Righteousness!

'Tis this alone can give me Ease,
And heal my wounded Heart;
My Saviour's Blood and Righteousness,
His Sufferings and Smart,

HYMN 51. L.M.

TESU, thy Blood and Righteoufnels-Ifa. 61. 10. My Beauty are, my glorious Drefs; 'Midst flaming Worlds, in these array'd, With Joy shall I lift up my Head. Almos I all 100 When from the Dust of Earth I rife To claim my Mansion in the Skies; A A Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea, and both bath " Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me." Bold shall I stand in that great Day, and and For who ought to my Charge shall lay?-Rom. 8. 33. Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am, I has booted ails From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame. Thus Abraham the Friend of God, Thus all the Armies bought with Blood, SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim, Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears, When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years, No Age can change its glorious Hue, The Grace of Christ is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish d ones rejoice!
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
Jesus the Lord our Righteousness!

And crept to Life at first,

We so the Fauth rough again,

day diwalle, with oran

.To be repaid anda.

The dear Delights we hersenjoy And fondly call case own, Are but thore is one borrow'd n



FUNERAL TEST HYMNS.

HYMN 1.

C. M.

NAKED as from the Earth we came
And crept to Life at first,
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Dust.

The dear Delights we here enjoy
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high 423	ZA.
Or finks them to the Grave, He gives, and (bleffed be his Name!)	
He takes but what He gave. Add and O and Manual Peace all our angry Pallions then, have about but A	
Let each rebellious Sighland of mall ow real volve Be filent at his Sov reign Will, and another sould be IT	
And ev'ry Murmur die rediord rup that toin On If smiling Mercy crown our Lives, well it and Ital	
And we'll adore the Justice too and dissillating	
H Y M Nail 2. 1 S. M. O W.	
THE Spirits of the Just, May M. Confin'd in Bodies, groan;	
And then the Conflict's done.	٨
In Chairr the Kount of It true Bills:	

. .

Company of the World

JESUS, who came to fave,
The LAMB for Sinners flain,
Perfum'd the Chambers of the Grave;
And made ev'n Death our Gain.

Tis Con that life our Comfaça b

Why fear we then to trust
The Place where Jesus lay?
In Quiet rests our Brother's Dust:
And thus it seems to fay:

" Forbear, my Friends, to weep; "Since Death has loft its Sting:

"Those Christians, that in Jesus sleep, "Our Gon will with Him bring."

STRANGERS and Sojourners below,
We travel through this Wilderness;
Seeking the promis'd Rest to know
In Christ the Fountain of true Bliss;

We seek a Place beyond the Skies, An everlasting Paradise.

In this Pursuit we stand in Need
Of daily fresh Supplies of Grace,
Our Souls with Manna Christ must feed,
While we his leading Footsteps trace:
So shall each Pilgrim gladly move——Heb. 11. 13.
Onward unto his Home above.

No earthly Bliss is worth our Stay,
Or Struggle for another Breath;
These Comforts vanish and decay,
And yield no solid Joy in Death:
While others vain Delights pursue,
We taste God's Love for ever new.——Rom. 5. 5.

His Cross inflicts the deadly Blow,
And crucifies each rebel Sin;
Peace, Love, and Joy, hence richly flow,
And cause sweet Melody within:
Dependent on the God of Pow'r,
We glory in a suff ring Hour.

The new Jerufalem appears,

Her Citizens resplendent shine, --- Rev. 7. 9.

For God hath wip'd away her Tears,

And fill'd them with the Life Divine:

With them we shall his Glory see, And praise Him thro' Eternity.

HYMN 4. C. M.
WHY do we mourn departing Friends,
Or shake at Death's Alarms?
Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as Time can move?
Why should we wish the Hours more slow
That keep us from our Love?

Why should we tremble to convey

Their Bodies to the Tomb?

There the deer Flesh of Justice lay

There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a sweet Perfume!

The Grave of all his Saints He bleft, And foften'd every Bed;

Where should the dying Members rest,
But with their dying HEAD.

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the Lorn our Flesh shall fly
At the great rising Day.

Leighe mont ton mole all

HYMN 5. C. M.

GREAT God, I own thy Sentence Just,
And Nature must decay;
I yield my Body to the Dust,
To dwell with fellow Clay.

Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Grave, And trample on the Tombs;

My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

The Mighty Conqu'ror shall appear High on a royal Seat;

And Death the last of all his Foes, Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.

Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin And gnaw my wasting Flesh; When God shall build my Bones again,

He cloathes them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely Face
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown Grace
With Pleasure and Surprize.

E e 4



MORNING HYMNS.

HYMN i. S. M.

TO Thee my LORD I give.

Myself this Day anew.

As thy own Ransom dearly bought,

Thy Spoil and Purchase due;

That with me Thou may st do

What's pleasing in thy Sight;

And from me take whate'er Thou wilt,

Whate'er Thou see'st not right.

How very weak I am 100 100 100 find nod'T My Saviour well can fee; will of bidding Ah! how exceeding short is Man for but the W Of Glory and of Thee! no son b'vare baA Compassionate HIGH-PRIEST, My Bulinels then To Thee I must appeal; O may I it falf My numberless Infirmities Thee to explosith: O kindly hafte to heal. And eye Thee onl It is his daily Care His helpless Sheep to feed; To purify their spotted Souls, luce and Hell And tend and gently lead? Thou'lt lead me farther still; and I aging vol And guard me fafe throughout the Way That leads to Sion's Hill.

Thou hast me, Sinner, poor,
Snatch'd to thy Heart in Haste,
With tend'rest Mercy setch'd me Home,
And grav'd me on thy Breast.
My Business then is this,
O may I it sulfil!
Thee to exalt with all my Strength,
And eye Thee only still.

HYMN 2. 816 6 6.6 aid ai 11

R ISE my Soul, adore thy MAKER,
Angels praise, join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.
Sov'reign Lord of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light lead me right,
Through my Saviour's Merit.

Thou this Night wast my Protestor,—Psa. 3. 5, With me stay all the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Giver———Ifa. 6. 3.

Of all Good, Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

ONE in THREE, give we Thee,

Never, never, ceasing.

HYMN 3: 8 8 6.

OH! how delightful tis to fee,
Great Numbers walk in Company,
And throng the Temple's Gate!
To fee the Holy Tribes appear,
To fee the pious Race draw near
Upon the Lord to wait.

Blest are the Souls who find their Place
Among the Saints the Sons of Grace;
Praise their glad Tougues employ:
Their Gon doth feed the hungry Poor
With Bread, and makes their Cup run o'er,
And fills their Heart with Joy.

Among them, LORD, I love t' appear.

And humbly worship at thy Feet
And bow with facred Joy:

For in thy House, one Day has been,

Better than Thousands spent in Sin,

'Tis such divine Employ.

Tis fweet, tho' I unworthy be the state of the To meet among thy Saints and Thee, the state of the Yet let me tho' with Shame,

tipon the Lean to wait.

Presume to mingle my Complaints With the Distresses of thy Saints,
Thou Dear Long-suffring LAMB.

Now fill the hungry Souls with Food Now fatisfy their Mouths with Good; And grant a Crumb to me. For this I'd fay, if lost I were, I lov'd the Place and People where Thy Dwelling us'd to be.

But Oh! my God, bless me also
For Oh! with them I long to go;
Give me the meanest Place:
And here I'll wait and worship still
Below them all on Sion's Hill
I bow before thy Face.

HYMN 4. L. M. of smile

THANKS to thy Name, O Lord that we One glorious Sabbath more behold;
Dear Shepherd let us meet with Thee Among thy Sheep in this thy Fold.

Now, Lord among thy Tribes appear, And let thy Presence fill the Throng;

Thy awful Voice let Sinners hear, And bid the feeble Heart be strong.

Gather the Lambs into Thine Arms And fatisfy their ev'ry Want,

And those with Young defend from Harms, And gently lead them least they faint.

Put forth thy Shepherd's Crook and stay
Thy wand'ring Sheep and bring them back,

Oh! bring the wand'ring Home to Day And fave them for thy Mercy's Sake. Let ev'ry Soul before Thee here
Thro' Thee the Door now enter in,
Find Pasture with our Saviour Dear,
Sav'd from the Guilt and Pow'r of Sin.

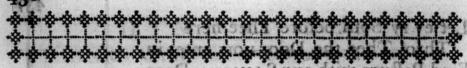
Dear tender-hearted Shepherd look
And let our Wants thy Bowels move;
And kindly lead thy little Flock,
To the sweet Pastures of thy Love.

There sweetly feed our hungry Souls
In flow'ry Fields near the sweet Stream,
Where living Water gently rolls
Towards the New Jerusalem.

Lettoy Peace be my Bids, or earliest

Leave me not, but ey . h. v

Till Chou hence remover men



EVENING HYMNS.

And let . 6 + 6 as thy for New Year

ERE I sleep, for ev'ry Favour bask albuist had.
This Day shew'd by my God, we said of I will bless my SAVIOUR. There sweetly feed our

O my Lord, what shall I render wolf al. To thy Name, still the same, Wanvil and W Gracious, good, and tender! WaVI ad, abrawoT

Leave me not, but ever love me: Let thy Peace be my Blis, Till Thou hence remove me.

410

Visit me with thy Salvation: The Bar 106.14V I Let thy Care now be near, salat visital bank.

Round my Habitation. The way of the common shall be a salate of

HYMN 2. 8 8 6.

NO farther go To-night, but flay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day:
Turn in, Dear Lord, with me;
And in the Morning when I wake,
Me in Thine Arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with Thee.

* Pfa, 18, 1.

HYMN 3. 6 7 8.

I WILL lay me down to fleep, Pfa. 3. 5.

And fafely take my Reft;

Me commend to Jesu's Grace,

And as upon his Breaft,

So, if Jesus pleafe, I'll fleep, how good to be my Guard:

While He vouchfafes to be my Guard:

O, my Shepherd! love and keep, and make a decomposition of the my great Reward!

HYMN 2. 3. 8. 6.

TO farther go: Toenight, but the property of Day:
Turn in; Dear Loan, with me.
And in the Morning when I wake,
Me in Thine Arms, my Jusus, take,
And I'll go on with Thee.



SHORT HYMNS.

HYMN 1. S. M.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God!
Who brought the News of Pardon down,
And bought it with his Blood.

To Christ, th' anointed King, Be endless Blessings giv'n! Let the whole Earth his Glory sing, Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

Ff2

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL'S Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.

HYMN 2. L. M.

ONG did I feek with troubled Mind,
A thousand Ways, the LORD to find;
At length I came to Calvary,

Let the whole battle be the

And found Him bleeding there for me.

O precious Blood! O Blood divine! Which, by Gon's Gift, is freely mine! By Faith receiv'd, O joyful Day! It took my Guilt and Fears away.

-10/1

HYMN 3: C. M.

GREAT REDEEMER of Mankind,
We praise thy holy Name: Thy tender Care while Life shall last, We'll to the World proclaim. MY 11-

To Heav'n we raile a longing Thought;
And want the Face to fee; To quit this Tenement of Charger and ad asvo only And dwell, Dear Lord, with THEE.

H Y.MCNI 4.15 18 CT M. ad aling of

ESUS, knit all our Hearts to Thee And join us all in one; And in our Meetings every where Be Thou our Aim alone;

Ff3

444

Reign Thou sole Monarch of our Hearts, Without a Rival reign; Till we with Angels join above, To praise the Lamb once slain.

HYMN 5. C. M.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd, and asset of Who calls our Souls from Death; Who faves by his redeeming Word, and his bod And new-creating Breath.

To praise the FATHER and the Son,
And SPIRIT, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

. 445

CLA

H Y M N 6. S. M.

NOT with our mortal Eyes

Have we beheld the LORD,

Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,

And love Him in his Word.

On Earth we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost Thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy Grace.

And when we taste thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

Ff4

OP NO.

HYMN 7. -C. M.

FIRM as the Earth thy Golpel stands,
My Lord, my Hope, my Trust:

If I am found in Jesu's Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be lost, used of sologon and the My Soul can ne'er be lost, used of sologon and the My Soul can ne'er be lost, used of sologon and the My Soul can ne'er be lost, used of sologon and the My Soul can ne'er be lost, used of sologon and the My Soul can ne'er be lost, used to be lost.

His Honour is engag'd to fave

The meanest of his Sheep;

All that his Heav'nly Farner gave

His Hands securely keep. Some in the secure of th

Nor Death nor Hell shall e'er remove,
His Fav'rites from his Breaft, all own nadw bath
In the dear Bosom of his Love bailing and model and they must for ever rest.

HYMN 8. C. M.

OUR God, how firm his Promise stands!

Ev'n when he chides his Face? ven! UEH

He trusts in our Redemmer's Hands!

His Glory, and his Grace! we shadow to the chide with Glow-Word and Are Shadows to the with Glow-Word with Glow-Word and Are Shadows to the with Glow-Word and Are Shadows to the children with Glow-Word and Grant with Glow-Word with

Then, why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,
Since Christ and thou artione? I ytured yill
Thy Gop is faithful to this Saints, siv yill a hid W
Is faithful to this Soul I do not she the let me die the die the saints of the let are die the saints.

That loy I seek in value below!

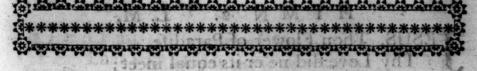
Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd, And part of Heav'n posses; I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd, And trust Him for the rest.

JESU! my SAVIOUR, in thy Face
The Essence lives of ev'ry Grace:
All Things beside which charm the Sight
Are Shadows tip't with Glow-Worm Light.

Thy Beauty Lord th' enraptur'd Eye of some Which fully views it first must die it and will Then let me die through Death to knowld in the That Joy I seek in vain below!

Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
And part of Heav'n possess.

I praise his Name for And trust Him for And trust Hi



DISMISSIONS.

HYM Nagital louthwow self

If Jesus is yours

You have a true Friend,
His Goodness endures
The same to the End.

Your Tempers may vary,
Your Comforts decline,
You cannot miscarry,
Your Aid is Divine.

With five et Delight, Ohd let me en

HYMN 2. L.M.

JESUS, Thou Flower of Paradife,
Thy Love did ne'er its equal meet;
Teach me thy Loveliness to prize,
Thou spotless Fair, Thou Heav'nly Sweet!

With sweet Delight, Oh! let me trace
The Wonders of Redeeming Love:
Till I behold my Saviour's Face
On Zion's happy Mount above.

His Coodness endured MY H

HOW long, O Lord, how long shall by
At such a Distance from Thee lies?
Oh bring me nigh, by Jasu's Blood, and moy
And let me praise a pardining Gob.

And lafte thre

THAT ails this wretched Heart of Stone That will not let me make my Moan For Sin, nor love my Good and the savoil and Come, LORD, this stupid Frame remove And fill me with thy Heav'nly Love, And wash me in thy Blood.

HYMN 5. C. M. bymoni

IN ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,
True Faith to Jesus flies, Its Anchor-hold is firm in Him, When swelling Billows rife.

His Comforts bear our Spirits up We'd trust a faithful God The fure Foundation of our Hope, Is in a Saviour's Blood.

452

Loud Hallelujahs fing each Soul
To thy REDEEMER'S Name;
In Joy, in Sorrow, Life and Death,
His Love is still the same.

H Y M N 6. 8 8 6.

Now loofe my stamm'ring Tongue to sing
Thy Heav'nly Love, my God, my King,
And taste thy People's Rest.

H Y M N. 7. C. M.

MERCY, good LORD, Mercy I ask, This is the total Sum; For Mercy, LORD, is all my suit, LORD, let thy Mercy come.

HY M N . 8. 104th.

OUR SHEPHERD alone, down 3000 The Lorn, let us blefs: ld lleW O The Lorn, let us blefs: ld lleW O Who reigns on the Throne, several with a guid The Prince of lour Peace: I vive guid Who evermore faves us,
By shedding his Blood; oW bereal sid quy all All hail, Holy Jewes, has those of the leed to lee of the lorn and our Gone and our Gone and our Gone and our Gone and our Sould what you know had practife what you know work would not be seen to leed and our Gone and our G

HYMN 9. L. M. H

B LESSINGS for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curle for wretched Man;
Let Angels found his facred Name,
And every Creature fay, Amen.

HAY M N . 40. S. M.

We'll bless the Saviour's Name. Record his Mercies eviry Heart; no engire on W Sing, ev'ry Tongue, the fames 2 118 9 all Who evermore laves us

Lay up his facred Wordsold aid paibhodh va To feed thereon; and grows | viol lind !! A Go on to feek to know the Loud and TOO And practife what you know.

HYMNT

I That all may feek and find, and bore the thoron of the deal of the land with the land of Evry Good in Jesus join'd! houod slaga A sal And every Creature lay, Amen aroba flist last I mil Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

HYMN 12. L. M.

DISMISS us with thy Bleffing, Lord, Help us to feed upon thy Word; What Thou hast feen amis forgive:
May Christ the Truth within us live!

s. Great and or AVIV



At all Him above, pelleseinly Hall;

DOXOLOGIES.

S. M.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise, Give Glory to the Son, And to the Spirit of his Grace Be equal Honour done.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all Bleffings flow, Praise Him all Creatures here below; Praise Him above, ye Heav'nly Host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. 8 8 6.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be Praise amidst the Heav'nly Host,
And in the Church below;
From whom all Creatures draw their Birth,
By whom Redemption blest the Earth;
From whom all Comforts flow.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore;
Join we with the Heav'nly Host
To praise Thee evermore:
Live, by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
Three in One, and One in Three;
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
All Glory be to Thee.

G g 2

8s.

TO Gon who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die
Our Guilt and Misery to remove,
To the blest Serr't who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endless Glory, Praise and Love.

C. M.

TO FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST, One God whom we adore; Be Glory as it was, is now And shall be evermore.

SING we to our Gop above
Praise Eternal as his Love:
Praise Him all ye Heav'nly Host
FATHER, Son and HOLY GHOST.

TO God the FATHER'S Throne
Perpetual Honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise
With all our Powers Eternal King
Thy Name we sing, while Faith adores.

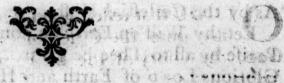
75.

FATHER SON and HOLY GHOST
ONE IN THREE, and THREE IN ONE
As by the Coelestial Host
Let thy Will on Earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n!

Gg3

104th.

GIVE Glory to God, ye Children of Men.
And publish abroad again and again
The Son's Glorious Merit,
The FATHER'S Free Grace,
The Gift of the Spirit
To Adam's lost Race.



the state of the s

CHORD KINEL CHORE



A ND the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all Flesh shall see it together: For the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. Isa. xl. 5.

A ND He shall purify the Sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an Offering in Righteousness. Mal. iii. 3.

OTHOU that tellest good Tidings to Zion, arise, say unto the Cities of Judah, behold your God, the Glory of the Lord is risen upon Thee.

Isa. 1x. 1.

FOR anto us a CHILD is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon his Shoulder: And his Name shall be called WONDER-FUL, COUNSELLOR, the MIGHTY GOD, the EVER-LASTING FATHER, the PRINCE of PEACE. He, ix 6.

GLORY to God in the Highest, good Will towards Men, and Peace on Earth. Luke ii. 14.

Hall feed his Flock like a Shepherd, and he shall gather the Lambs with his Arm, and carry them in his Bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. Come unto Him all ye that labour, come unto Him, ye that are heavy laden, and He will give you Rest; take his Yoke upon you and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of Heart, and ye shall find Rest unto your Souls.

HIS Yoke is easy, and his Burthen is light,

BEHOLD, the LAMB of God that taketh away the Sin of the World! John i. 29.

SURELY He hath borne our Griefs, and carried our Sorrows. Ifa. liii. 4.

He was wounded for our Transgressions, He was bruised for our Iniquities: The Chastisement of our Peace was upon Him; and with his Stripes we are healed. Isa. liii. 5.

A LL we like Sheep have gone aftray; we have turned every one to his own Way: And the Lord hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us all. Ifa. hii. 6.

464

HE trusted in God that He might deliver Him, let Him deliver Him, if He delight in Him, Mat. xxvii. 43.

L IFT up your Heads, O ye Gates; and be ye lift up ye everlasting Doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory? the LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in Battle. Pfa. xxiv. 7. 8.

LET all the Angels of God worship Him. Heb. i. 6.

GREAT was the Company of the Preachers:
The LORD gave the Word. Pfa. lxviii. 11.

THEIR Sound is gone out into all Lands, and their Words unto the Ends of the World, Rom. x. 18.

BREAK forth in to Joy, glad Tidings; thy Gon reigneth. How beautiful are the Feet of Him that bringeth Tidings of Salvation; that faith unto Zion, thy God reigneth! Ifa. lii. 7. 9.

LET us break their Bonds asunder, and cast away their Yokes from us. Psa. ii. 3.

HALLELUJAH! For the LORD GOD OM-NIPOTENT reigneth. Rev. xix. 6.

The Kingdom of this World is become the Kingdoms of our LORD and of his CHRIST; and He shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. xi. 15.

Rev. xix. 16. HALLELUJAH!

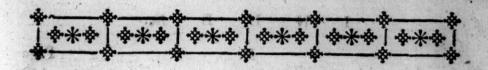
SINCE by Man came Death, by Man came also the Resurrection of the Dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 21. 22.

BUT Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

WORTHY is the LAMB that was flain, and hath redeemed us to God, by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wifdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Bleffing.

Blessing, Honour, Glory and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the LAMB, for ever and ever, AMEN. Rev. v. 12. 13.





the factor of a car of the art of the	D
A Debtor to Mercy alone	Page 198
A thousand Foes prepare to War	94
Alas and did my Saviour bleed	357
All Glory be to God on high	274
All ye that pass by	299
And are we Wretches yet alive	286
Array'd in mortal Flesh	276
At thy Command, our dearest Lord	400
Awake, and fing the Song	184
Awake O flothful Spirit, rouse awake	329
Awake our Souls, away our Fears	161
Away my unbelieving Fear	216

Patenty of the A

В.	age
Before Jehovah's awful Throne	158
Behold the Lamb immaculate	企业发展的
Believers hear the Gospel-Word	394 J
n t to . Cuttre to	Control of the Contro
Beloved Saviour, Prince of Life	243)
	205
Blessings for ever on the Lamb	
Bleft be the dear uniting Love A -	453
Di-A Lash - Fash an and Lin Y and	-5/
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow	345
Brethren let us join to bless —	238
Bride of the Lamb, up to the Skies	29
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night	90
The same and the s	115
C 33 Maria C 10 Maria	906
O LANCOR COLORS	Malia.
Captain of thine enlifted Host	240
Christ the Lord is ris'n To day	307
Come descend, O heav'nly Spirit	241
Come happy Souls, approach your God	194
Come Holy Ghost, thine Influence shed	407
Come Holy Spirit, come	334

I N DI E X

Come Holy Spirit Heav'nly Dove Come, let us all unite to praise Come, let us all unite to praise Come let us join our chearful Songs Come my Father's Family Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou Iong expected Jesus Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come, ye Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r Dear Object of our Group Desire		Page.
Come, let us all unite to praise Come let us join our chearful Songs Come my Father's Family Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come Sinners to the Gospel-Feast Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 170 236 247 258 269 279 269 260 270 270 270 270 271 272 273 273 273 273 274 275 276 277 278 278 278 278 278 278	Come Holy Spirit Heav'nly Dove	295
Come let us join our chearful Songs Come my Father's Family Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come Sinners to the Gospel-Feast Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest Jesus, come to		170
Come my Father's Family Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come Sinners to the Gospel-Feast Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 74 339 362 253 263 263 263 264 265 278 278 209 209 209 209 209 209 209 209 209 209		STEEL STEEL
Come, now dear Lord! Thyself reveal Come Sinners to the Gospel-Feast Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 339 253 253 273 203 203 205 205 206 207 208 209 209 209 209 209 209 209		
Come Sinners to the Gospel-Feast Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r - 244		
Come, Thou Almighty King Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 253 273 203 278 203 205 207 207 208 209 209 209 209 209 209 209		\$1500cc/(burdle %/200
Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry Bleffing Come, Thou long expected Jesus Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r - 244		
Come, Thou long expected Jesus		A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH
Come ye humble Sinner-Train Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 203 225 226 227 228 228 238 248 248 248 248 248		TYPE THE TOTAL PROPERTY.
Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched Come; ye Sinners, poor and wretched Companions of thy little Flock Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 225 248 248 248 248 248 248 248		HE CONTROL OF THE PARTY OF THE
Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched — 248 Companions of thy little Flock — 1 Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend - 158 D. Dearest Jesus, come to me — 35 Dearest of all the Names above — 192 Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r — 244		在一个人的
Companions of thy little Flock Companions of thy little Flock Companions of thy little Flock D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 158 258 258 258 258 268 278 288 298 298 298 298 298 29		
D. Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above. Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r Dearest of all the Names above. Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r		1
Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r Dearest Dearest Jesus, come to me	Compassionate Bridegroom, my Shepherd and Friend .	158
Dearest Jesus, come to me Dearest of all the Names above. — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —	son, and they down,	Delug T
Dearest of all the Names above. — — — — 192 Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r — — 244	D. flat the fact the	codice.
Dearest of all the Names above. — — — — 192 Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r — — 244	Dearest Telus come to me	BIRTH
Dear Lord, attend our Pray'r 244	Dearest of all the Names above	
		200
	Doar Object of our strong Defire	153

1.00	Page
Descend from Heaven, Celestial Dove	1881
Dismiss us with thy Blessing, Lord -	455
the room our chearful Some There were the	e' sime')
E	nt sana
Encourag'd by the Word of Grace	858
Ere I fleep for ev'ry Favour	438
Eternal Spirit! we confess	- 191
Expectant at Bethesda lie	401
Postalian Boarday de	
The second secon	Come,
r vicini	- 6
Faithful-Bridegroom, Holy Lamb	- 356
Father how wide thy Glory shines	130
Father, I stretch mine Hands to Thee	116
Father, Son; and Holy Ghost -	346
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	- 457
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	- 459
Firm as the Earth thy Gospel stands	- 446
Flow fast my Tears; the Cause is great	- 294
For you and for me, Christ pray'd on the Tree	- 300
Free Grace to ev'ry Heav'n born Soul -	218
From all that dwell below the Skies -	256
From Heav'n the loud th' Angelic Song began -	- 313

I'N DE E X.

G. G.	Page
Give Glory to God ye Children of Men	- 460
Give to the Father Praise	456
Glory and Honour be to Thee	252
Glory be to God on high	370
Go forth Believer, go	- 368
God moves in a mysterious Way	The second secon
God of all Grace and Majesty	210
God of my Salvation hear	771
God of unexhausted Grace —	376
	343
God spake the Word, let Light appear!	152
Grace how exceeding Sweet to those	43
Gracious Lord incline thine Ear	167
Granted is the Saviour's Pray'r	336
Great God, I own thy Sentence just	- 428
Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah	- 138
The man	of the second second second
Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail	A CONTRACTOR OF THE STATE OF
	128
Hail, hail reviv'd, reviving Spring	318
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord	341
Hail Jefus hail, our Great High Priest	416
	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR

	Page
Hail the Day that sees Him rise	325
Hail Thou once despised Jesus	374
Happy am I, when I feel	9
Happy the Heart, where Graces reign	114
Happy we are when Guilt is gone	35
Hark, dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing	314
Hark! in the Wilderness a Cry	345
Hark! the best News that ever came	278
Hark! the Herald-Angels fing	279
He comes! He comes! the Saviour Dear	86
He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies	310
He is a God of Sov'reign Love	145
He lives! he lives! and fits above	159
Head of the Church triumphant	90
Hearts of Stone relent, relent	364
Ho! ev'ry one that thirfts draw nigh	236
Holy Ghoft, inspire our Praises -	
Hely Lamb, and Prince of Peace	247
11 oly Lamb, who Thee receive —	250000
Hofanna to the Son	174
How bleft are they whose Feet have found	441
	76
How heavy is the Night	169

How long, O Lord, how long shall I How, my Belov'd, shall I express How sad our State by Nature is How sweet a Thing it is to see	Page - 450 - 70 - 80 - 62
Die temperature de l'accompany de la company	N visite with
Jefu at thy Command Jefu, Jefu, King of Saints Jefu, Lover of my Soul Jefu! my Saviour, in thy Face Jefu, thy Blood and Righteousness Jefus all Praise is due to Thee Jefus, and shall it ever be Jefus, each blind and trembling Soul	- 195 - 111 - 106 - 448 - 420 - 267 - 211
Jesus invites his Saints — —	382
Jesus, knit all our Hearts to Thee Jesus, let me taste thy Grace Jesus, Master of the Feast Jesus, my All to Heav'n is gone Jesus our triumphant Head Jesus, the all-restoring Word	- 443 - 67 - 365 - 59 - 321 - 133
The second of th	1777年的教育的教育

		Page
Jesus, the Saviour of my Soul	775	495
Take Thou levely bleeding I amb	e94	393
Telus Thou Hower of Paradile		459
Volus was alaim Thee for our own	DS.	413
If Jesus is yours	177	55 X 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
In dreary Wastes, where Horror dwells		449
		316
In ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong	11 10	451
In Thee, O Christ, is all my Hope		121
I Grieve, nor can my Grief e'er cease	oci	95
I thank Thee, High and Mighty One	111	95 63
I wait the Willie of the Conce	-	418
I will lair ma down to flags	-	440
Join all the glorious Names	2 . 4:	108
To there a Thing that mouse and breaks	379	
Pro found the Poorl of greated Dries	9.1	110
I've found the Pearl of greatest Price	V EA	164
Service Time to The service the service the service to the service	\$ J	3.54.7
was the Care .L. L.	San I	544Ch.
Laden with Guilt and full of Fears	1	189
Lacer with Guilt, Sinners, arise	-	351
Int Fact and User's and	_	119
Let me, my Saviour and my God	+0.0	
Let worldly Minds the World pursue	-	156
Let worldly willes the world pulle	-	177

Page Lift up your Heads in joyful Hope 282 Lo! He comes with Clouds descending Long did I feek with troubled Mind Lord how divine thy Comforts are Lord if with Thee part I bear Lord make me faithful to my Call Lord take my Heart just as it is Lukewarm Souls, the Foe grows stronger M. May He, supreme essential Light Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask Mercy is welcome News indeed My bleffed Saviour, is thy Love 400 My dearest Lord, I now fink down My hiding Place, my Refuge, Tow'r My Saviour, Thou didst shed My Soul before Thee proftrate lies My Soul repeat his Praise Naked as from the Earth we came Hha

	Page
No farther go To-night but stay	439
No more, my God, I boast no more	185
No more with trembling Heart I try	38
Not all the Blood of Beafts	361
Not diff 'rent Food nor diff 'rent Dress	- +84
Not with our mortal Eyes	445
Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus	380
Nothing in this World I want	101
Now begin the Heav'nly Theme	47
Now I have found the bleffed Ground -	- 49
Now, Lord, the dreadful Veil remove	- 452
O series of sales	
O come, Thou wounded Lamb of God	360
O dear Redeemer, who alone	. 79
O dearest Lord give me a Heart	199
O dearest Lord, take Thou my Heart	42
O dearest Saviour, please to look on me	150
O Father of Heav'n! be ever ador'd	- 371
O give me, Saviour, give me still	
O great Redeemer of Mankind	443
O God our Help in Ages past	147
	•4/

INDEX.

	. Page.
O Jesus, everlasting God	352
O Jefu, Jefu, gracious Lord —	- 4
O Jesus, my Saviour, I fain would embrace	- 265
O Jefu, my God	— 92
O Jefu, our Lord	221
O Jesu, we pray, be with us To-day	- 220
O let me gain my Wedding-Dress	8
O Lord, come, fweefly bind me	- 14
O Lord, how great's the Favour	98
O my Lord! I've often mused	- 68
O Patient spotless Lamb	- 403
O Saviour, could I always keep	- 34
O tell me no more of this World's vain Store	61
O! that all may feek and find -	454
O Thou Tender, Loving Jesus	- 104
O Thou whose Mercy knows no Bound	
O what shall I do, my Saviour to praise	- 132
O wicked Heart, Thou Enemy	- 65
O Zion afflicted with Wave upon Wave -	-200
Oh! how delightful 'tis to fee	- 433
Oh! how glorious is that Mystery	- 396
THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY	知るないの意味

INDEX.

	Page
Oh! Lord, how faithless is my Heart	97
Oh! that my Heart, this very Hour	92
Oh! that our flinty Hearts would melt -	377
Oh! when my Righteous Judge shall come	214
Once more before we part	454
Our God. how firm his Promise stands	447
Our Lord is rifen from the Dead	327
Our Shanhawd alone	458
The state of the s	
to g car's the days e.g.	311 0
Pity a help'ess Sinner, Lord	363
Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair Toma I should have	
Praise God, from whom all Bleffings flow	450
Praise the Lord, who reigns above and to man on me	Carlotte Control Control Control
R. Deliver de la la	
Daily was the Land Comment of the Co	
Daraina maiaina na Gallan Dana	0
Daraina that and is Vinna	
Pich Course for Course of Grandle - 11-	823
Rife my Soul, adore thy Maker	2
Rife, my Soul, and ftretch thy Wings	1432
	175
Rife up my Spouse, thy Bridegroom waits	21

Pag	Page
Salvation is for ever nigh	160
Salvation! O the joyful Sound	251
Saviour, canst Thou love a Traitor	251 166
Say, where's thy Hope? thou Sinner, Jay	40
See Jesus, our Deliv'rer Great	305
See, my Soul with Wonder see	284
Shepherds on their Flocks attending -	269
Sinners, attend, attend I pray	230
Sinners, the pierc'd Redeemer see	372
Sing to the Lord, Jehovah's Name -	220
Sing we to our God above	458
Sons of God, triumphant rife	300
Source of Light and Pow'r divine	231
Stand and adore! how Glorious He	202
Stand fast in the Gospel; 'tis Christ makes you free -	13
Strangers and Sojourners below	424
Sweet as the Shepherd's tuneful Reed	126
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace	142
Sweet the Moments rich in Bleffing	414
is no Floor. O precious O. sill.	een l'
Thanks to thy Name, O Lord that we	496
The state of the s	

	Page
That doleful Night before his Death	- 366
That " I am Thine, my Lord and God -	- 54
The bleffed Jesus is my Lord, my Love	- 31
The Cross! the Cross! O that's my Gain	- 350
Th' Extent of Jefu's Love	- 129
The Fountain of Christ	_ 386
The God of Mercy be ador'd	- 444
The God, whose Smiles we court	_ 223
	123
The Lord first empties whom He fills	CONTRACTOR STREET
The Lord hath fworn, and cannot lye	- 404
The Lord my Pasture shall prepare	- 139 - 288
The Lord of Larin and Sky	- 200
The one Thing needful, that good Part	102
The Sinner that, by precious Faith	- 154
The Souls that would to Jesus press.	- 27
The Spirits of the Just	- 423
There is a Fountain fill'd with Blood	— 384
They pierc'd Him to the Heart	+ 379
Think now, dear Jesus, on thy Pain	_ 0
This God is the God we adore	-/ 255
This is my Hope, O precious Christ -	- 19
This was Compassion like a God and Compassion,	- 40
Aillo was companion and a cou	CONTRACTOR OF SMALL

	Page
Thou Dear Redeemer, Dying Lamb	39
Thou Friend of Sinners! hear my Cry	19
Thou hidden Love of God, whose Height	82
Thou Lamb of God once flain	354
Thou Saviour my good Shepherd art	20
Thou Shepherd of If'rel divine	148
Thou Soul's best Friend, Thou tender Heart	52
Thro' Christ when we together came	261
'Tis done! th' atoning Work is done	378
" 'Tis finish'd," the Redeemer said	290
Tis my Happiness below the transfer the transfer to the transf	
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	457
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoft	
To God the Father's Throne	450
To God the only Wife	143
To God who reigns enthron'd on high	458
To Thee my Lord I give	430
Twas on that dark, that doleful Night	
on have I in the we but Thee	
y do we moun depening iU ends	
Unfathom'd Wildom of our King	SI
Uprifing from the darkfome Tomb	304

INDEX

	Page
the Dear Redecement, Dy two annies 1 ct. 1	Fra.
We bless the Prophet of the Lord	190
We give immortal Praife	347
We foon shall hear the Midnight Cry	212
We thy Children, claim a special Care -	25
Welcome blest Day of sweet Repose	302
Welcome, welcome, bleffed Servant	234
What ails this wretched Heart of Stone	451
What can a Sinner do like me	71
What equal Honours shall we bring	162
What Heav'nly Man, or Lovely God	390
What Object's this that meets my Eyes	411
What Voice is this I hear , flow with the mod seems	10
When Darkness long has veil'd my Mind	179
When I can read my Title clear	180
When I furvey the wond rous Crofs	410
When I travail in Distress	7
Who hath our Report believed	295
Whom have I in Heav'n but Thee	206
Why do we mourn departing Friends -	426
Why should the Children of a Kingo to make the	188
With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd and de and work and	135
	- 00

	Page
With Joy we meditate the Grace	
World, adjeu! thou real Cheat	- Y 172
010	WONDING SING
TO STATE OF THE PARTY.	service on all engineers supplied
Ye Servants of God, your Maste	er proclaim 260
Ye simple Men of Heart sincere	268
Ye that in his Courts are found	256
Ye that pass by, behold the Man	1 — — 292
Ye wretched, hungry, starving I	Poor — 383
Z	L. W. Tyadisi good
Zion, arife, thy Garments shake Zion, awake, arife, arife	228
Ale, aware, attic, attic	TOMPS THE SOUTH
550 350	SACENIVITE VIEWER
768'	ENON THE PROPE
118	TKINITY -
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	的复数形式 网络拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉拉

N D E X

- 00 T - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 - 7 -	Page
After SERMON	251
ASCENSION DAY	321
Before SERMON —	220
CHORUSSES in the MESSIAH -	461
CHRISTMAS	265
DISMISSIONS	449
DOXOLOGIES -	456
EASTER	302
EVENING	438
FUNERAL - TRIP	422
GOOD FRIDAY	290
MORNING + 5 OC74	430
NEW YEAR'S DAY	284
On the SPRING USEUF -	314
SACRAMENT	350
SHORT HYMNS	- 441
TRINITY	341
WHITSUNDAY	331

APPENDIX.

H Y M No 18 To ne and Por M Y H THE God of Abr'ham praise, - Exod 3. 6. 1.81 Who reigns enthron'd above; ANTIENT of everlasting Days, - Dan. 7. 22. And God of Love :- 2 Cor. 13. 11. JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!-Exod. 6. 3. iii. 14. By Earth and Heav'n confest; -Rev. 4. 8-11. I bow and bless the facred Name. For ever blefs'd,-Rom. 1. 25.

The God of Abr'ham praise, At whose supreme Command From Earth. I rife-and feek the Joys At his right Hand: on his Ox belleville members of 180.

on Eagle's Vangs up-tome, - 2 xod, 19.

To Heav'n alcend:

APPENDIK

I all on Earth for sake,
Its Wisdom, Fame and Power;
And Him my only Portion make
My Shield and Town Pfal, 18. 2.

The Gop of Abr'ham praise,
Whose All-sufficient Grace
Shall guide me all my happy Days,—Gen. 28. 15.
In all his Ways:

In all his Ways:
He calls a Worm his Friend!—James 2. 23.
He calls Himself my Goo!—Exod. 3. 6.

And He shall save me to the End, 1 Pet 1. 5.

Through Jesu's Blood.

He by Himself hath-fworn,—Heb. 6. 13.

I on his Oath depend,——Rom. 4. 20, 21.

I shall, on Eagle's Wings up-borne,—Exod. 19. 4.

To Heav'n ascend;

I shall behold his Face, 70hn 17. 24. I shall his Pow'r adore, And fing the Wonders of his Grace-Pfa. 145. 1. And Twees of Life for ever spreamers and shill to see T bank With Mercy crown do Tho' Nature's Strength decay,-Rom. 4. 19. And Earth and Hell withstand, or bearing To Canaan's Bounds I urge my Way, At his Command : The or anti-The wat'ry Deep I pals, -- Exod. 14. 22. With Jesus in my View: Exod. 13. 21. And thro' the howling Wilderness 1 .15 My Way purfue delit driv anoirold had The Goodly Land I fee, Exod. 3. 8. With Peace and Plenty bleft; -Deut, 8. 7, 9. A Land of facred Liberty, ____ Lev. 25. 42. And endless Rest: ___Exod. 33. 14.

4

There Milk and Honey flow:—Exod. 3. 8.
And Oil and Wine abound;—Deut. 32. 13, 14.
And Trees of Life for ever grow,—Ifa. 61. 3.
With Mercy crown'd.

And I had gold him I acc .- - Tollie

There dwells the Lord our King,-Heb. 7. 1, 2. The Lord our Righteousness,—Jer. 33. 16. Triumphant o'er the World and Sin,—Eph. 4. 8. The Prince of Peace:—Ifa. 9. 6.

On Sion's facred Height
His Kingdom fill maintains;

And Glorious with his Saints in Light,—Ifa. 24. 23.

For ever reigns.

He keeps his own secure,——Pfa. 12. 7.
He guards them by his Side,
Arrays in Garments white and pure—Rev. 4. 4.
His spotless Bride:——Eph. 5. 27.

With Streams of sacred Blis,-Rev. 7. 17. 22. 1. With Groves of living Joys,

With all the Fruits of Paradife, - Rev. 2. 7. C. 22. 2. He still supplies.

Before the GREAT THREE ONE--Rev. 7. 9, 10. They all exulting stand;

And tell the Wonders He hath done, Thro' all their Land:
The lift ning Spheres attend, 290 madagana

And fwell the growing Fame, alanged all

And fing, in Songs which never end, The Wond'rous NAME.

The God who reigns on High and to the The Great Arch-Angels fing,

And " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry, holy of T ALMIGHTY KING!

O violi Baryhubuhaneka jini They ever cris

6 "Who was, and is, the fame;

" And evermore shall be;

" JEHOVAH-FATHER-GREAT I AM! " We worship THEE." Before the GREAT THREE DAENRO. 7. d.

Before the Saviour's Face The year I The ranfom'd Nations bow; salelles but O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty Grace, For ever new:

He shews his Prints of Love They kindle to a Flame! W 12402 nt god ba A And found, thro' all the Worlds above, The flaughter'd LAMB.

The whole triumphant Holt Hour Hold " bad Give Thanks to God on high; MAIA "Hail, FATHER, Son, and Holy GHOST," They ever cry:

Hail, Abr'ham's God and mine!
I join the Heavenly Lays,
All Might and Majesty are Thine,--Rev. iv. 11.
And endless Praise.

HYMN 2. L.M.

On how endless is the Love!— Jar. 31. 3.

The Gifts are every Evening new;

And Morning Mercies from above,

Gently distil like early Dew !

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours;
Thy Sov reign Word restores the Sight,
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'rs.

life and jayriy heart missin.

Chafing all out Fears, and chearing the contract to the contract of the contra

We yield our Pow'rs to thy Command,
To Thee we confecrate our Days!

Perpetual Bleffings from thy Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise!

HYMN 2. 8 IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the Shades of Death, --- Ifa. 9. 2. Come! and by thy Love's Revealing and both both. Diffipate the Clouds beneath: The new Heav'n, and Earth's Creator, -Rev. 21. 1.5. In our deepest Darkness rise! Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature, Pouring Eye-Sight on our Eyes!-- Ifa. 35. 5. Still we wait for Thine Appearing, Life and Joy thy Beams impart, Chafing all our Fears, and chearing Ev'ry poor benighted Heart:

Come, and manifest the Favour Gob hath for our ranfom'd Race; and average Come! Thou Universal Saviour! Come! and bring the Gospel-Grace! Save us in thy Great Compassion, O Thou mild pacific PRINCE! Give the Knowledge of Salvation,-Give the Pardon of our Sins. By Thine All-restoring Merit, Ev'ry burden'd Soul release, Mat. 11. 28 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit Guide into thy perfect Peace, - Pfa. 119. 176. HYMN ... L. M.

HITHER ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
A Sin-diforder'd humbling Throng;
To you the Gospel calls, to you
MESSIAH'S Blessings all belong.—Luke 14. 21.

10
Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons-Mat. 9. 12.
Derive no Bleffings from his Tree: - Acts 5. 20.
For Sinners only Lesus dy'd, 1 Pet. 11. 24.
Then sure I hear He dy d for me! 10011 10000
Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd-Ila. 52. 4. 5.
Twas with our Guilt His Soul was try d
Our Punisment He took. He hore
And Sinners lived when Jesus dy'd!
Awake each Heart, antie each Soul
TERRE BOLD FREE DITISHED FURTHER SHOWS
way nothing tune our filmire song.
But Heavily Wisdom, Heavily Love Louis
HYMN 5 Mall 8s.
A H lovely Appearance of Death!
A Hlovely Appearance of Death! No Sight upon Earth is fo fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe
Can with a dead Body compare:
With the same and and the same same and a same

With folemn Delight I furvey The Corpfe when the Spirit is fled, In love with the beautiful Clay, And longing to lie in its Stead.
How bleft is our Brother, bereft Of all that could burthen his Mind, How eafy the Soul that hath left This wearifome Body behind! Of Evil incapable Thou, Whose Relicks with Envy I see, No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.
This Earth is affected no more With Sickness, and shaken with Pain, and shaken with Pai

No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay,
Extinct is the animal Flame,
And Passion is vanish'd away.

The languishing Head is at rest,

Its Thinking and Aching are o'er

The quiet immoveable Breast

Is heav'd by Affliction no more:

The Heart is no longer the Seat

Of Trouble and torturing Pain,

It ceases to flutter and beat,

It never shall flutter again.

The Lids he so seldom could close,

By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,

Seal'd up in eternal Repose,

Have strangely forgotten to weep:

The Fountain can yield no Supplies,
These Hollows from Water are free,
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.

HYMN 6. C. M.

THUS faith the Mercy of the LORD,

"I'll be a God to thee;

I'll blefs thy num'rous Race, and they

Shall be a Seed to me.——Gen. 17. 7. 10.

Abr'ham believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Sons to GoD;
And Water feals the Bleffing now,
That once was fealed with Blood."

Thus Lydia fanctify'd her House
When she receiv'd the Word;——Adis 16. 14.
Thus the believing Jailor gave
His Houshold to the Lord.

Thus later Saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient Truth embrace;
To Thee their Infant-Offspring bring,
And humbly claim the Grace.—Mark 10. 13. 14.

DESCEND, Celestial Dove,
In ev'ry Bosom dwell;
Upon the present Water move
While we the Influence feel.

Anoint with Holy Fire,

Baptize with purging Flames—Mat. 3. 11.

This Soul, and with thy Grace inspire

In ceaseless living Streams.

Thy Promise Lord fulfil; Street Manager of the Power thy Spirit to receive And Strength to do thy Will.

O meet us in the fame;
And with this Water new convey

The Virtues of the Name!

Witness to this thy Sign;
And grant the inward Grace;
Let this thy Servant seal'd for Thine,
From hence depart in Peace!

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by All feated on the Ground; [Night,

The Angel of the LORD came down, And Glory shone around.

Fear not, faid He, for mighty Dread Had feiz'd their troubled Minds, Glad Tidings of Great Joy, I bring To You and all Mankind.

Night

Behold! in David's Town, this Day, nen'bro said I According to Gon's Words all and niver soom O To You is born of David's Line and which drive bank A SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD CONTIN ATT

All Glory be to God on High? vdt sidt of alentiW And to the Earth be Peace; but sair bak Good Will henceforth to Man from Heaving in 19. I Begin, and never cease! nitragab sonort mor'd

.M . HALLELUJAH, AMEN!

WILLE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by V All feated on the Ground; The Angel of the Logo some down, And Glory flione article Fear not, faid-He, for string Had feiz'd their troubled N Glad Tidings of Greek Dy OSEWEM HE BUE HOY OT